

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 6, No. 38 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors.
Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, AUGUST 12, 1893.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. } Whole No. 298

Around Town.

You can hardly meet two of your friends who have the same idea of spending their holidays. One thinks there is no place in the world like Muskoka, another goes into raptures over Niagara-on-the-Lake or some such place where one has the opportunities for excursions over the big inland waters; still another prefers a run to the World's Fair or New York, while the next man you meet claims there is nothing like a few weeks' boarding on a farm, where you have all the quiet comforts of home along with all the pleasures of nature. These are only a few of the many ideas that people have, for it would fill a book to enumerate them all. Those who go to Muskoka have each a favorite spot which they regard as superior to all other spots, and those who go to the country know exactly where there is a farm that beats all other farms. They know this before they go, but as in everything else the charms of a farm often fade on too near approach. Who can describe the joy, the pleasure, of the first few days on the farm? Treated like a king, one's slightest wish anticipated, one's opinions deferred to on every subject political, religious or domestic, and a second slice of roast forced on you despite all your protestations. If you ever require to ask for "a little more gravy, if you please," you bring down a shower of reproaches on poor dad's head from all the womenfolk, because of his carelessness. They tell him he thinks of nothing but filling his own crop, and before the subject is allowed to rest you vow never again to ask for a second helping, for, even after dinner, out in the kitchen, they go for him again and through the door you see him pull his hat sullenly over his eyes and slouch out to ease his feelings on the hired men. But, bless you, dad doesn't worry long after a jawing. He's used to 'em, dad is, and your half-formed fear that he may harbor a feeling against you as the cause of his getting a tongue thrashing is without foundation. He knows he was wrong, very wrong, in not watching your plate and seizing a chance (when you were not looking) to slide something else on it, and he knows further that any person or thing is enough to bring the women about his ears. Dad turns up at tea-time, unchanged in his manner, hangs outside to the last minute so as to postpone the ordeal of being looked at by strange eyes, and then drops into his chair.

For a week all are in awe of you, accept your opinion on anything, and would move the barn to the other side of the farm if you insisted on it. Anythin' in the eating line that you express a dislike for is wiped suddenly from the bill of fare as though it were a crime to ever cook it again in a civilized land. But an almost imperceptible change comes over the spirit of the place about the end of the first week. The change generally occurs on Sunday, and it is "mother," that courageous soul, who supplies the first evidence of it. Suppose you don't like smoked ham and it has been banished all week out of respect for your personal taste. As a declaration of independence, "mother" will cook ham for Sunday breakfast and feign to have forgotten your dislike for it until you are seated at table. Then you will have to wait while she boils a couple of eggs for you. While you are waiting for the eggs you will desire to show that the trifling occurrence has not ruffled your feelings in the least, and straightway you will engage dad in conversation about the protective tariff. All week he has agreed with you that the tariff is the worst swindle of this or any other age, but now to your amazement he will chop in on you with: "Well, there's two sides to every question, you'll admit that." This will almost knock you speechless—all week he seemed such an intelligent man! But there he will sit, not saying much but listening to you with a combative, unconvinced expression of countenance and drawing moral support with his eyes from the kitchen, as the sun draws water before a shower. At dinner you will keep clear of the tariff and talk about something that you know him to be sound on, so you will bring up the subject of predestination and direct ascension after death. But no, he will shake his head, run his whiskers through his hand, and, exchanging suggestive glances with his wife, remark that he "reckons we won't never know much about these things until after we've kicked the bucket." By this time you will conclude that the man is little better than a drivelling idiot, having passed, in one short day, from a position of absolute soundness to one of downright imbecility on two such questions as the tariff and foreordination.

If you were to bid me guess what had, in one short day, laid dad's mind in ruins and reduced him to repulsive idiocy, my first guess would be towels. Towels would probably have called smoked ham to your breakfast table and perverted dad's views on fiscal, religious and all other subjects. You have no doubt been fitting three towels for the wash every day, and "mother" had to get out her tub and do up half a dozen Saturday night after you had gone to bed. What could dad do? What were the questions of tariff and predestination compared to the towel issue in that house? If you said the sun was shining dad would have to shake his head or combatively look out of the window. Dad knows that if you keep on in your reckless career, washing and splashing and bathing your feet, your visit will be brief, and as he has to live in the bosom of that family all his days, he can afford to take sides against you. Sly old dog, he is, slick and sly, and a great hand with women! The poor old fellow lives and dies nourishing this conceit,

but in reality hen-pecked from the cradle to the grave, and only rising triumphant about once a year when he comes home hilarious from a barn-raising and pulls everyone out of bed to convince them that he is not drunk. On such an occasion doesn't he laugh and frown and terrify with his eyes; and isn't he boss of his own house? But in atonement he eats humble pie for months and isn't allowed to handle any money. When visitors call and cider and rhubarb wine are brought up from the cellar, "mother," with her company smile and an eloquent eye, will tell dad that he prefers buttermilk, and he will have to swear that if there is anything in this world that his vitals are yearning for it is a mug of buttermilk. Such is dad and such are his troubles. If you have boarded on a farm you are sure to know him.

The young man who goes home for his holidays to the sleepy little village where he was

but in reality hen-pecked from the cradle to the grave, and only rising triumphant about once a year when he comes home hilarious from a barn-raising and pulls everyone out of bed to convince them that he is not drunk. On such an occasion doesn't he laugh and frown and terrify with his eyes; and isn't he boss of his own house? But in atonement he eats humble pie for months and isn't allowed to handle any money. When visitors call and cider and rhubarb wine are brought up from the cellar, "mother," with her company smile and an eloquent eye, will tell dad that he prefers buttermilk, and he will have to swear that if there is anything in this world that his vitals are yearning for it is a mug of buttermilk. Such is dad and such are his troubles. If you have boarded on a farm you are sure to know him.

him effects the same result. I had as lief be hated as forgotten. A man may dislike you through misunderstanding some quality of your character or some action of yours; but to forget you is an utter condemnation of you, bag and baggage, showing you to be a colorless individual who never impressed him, good, bad or indifferent. It is hard medicine for a man of any sensitiveness. To feign forgetfulness is the keenest weapon of the cruel. When you return to the village where you formerly lived you find new people walking the streets and occupying the houses as though they had lived there since the creation; you find new boys loafing on the corner and they guy you as you guyed others in the old days; you find the old school house either torn down or prostituted in its helpless age to ignoble use; you find some once prosperous citizen engaged in a tabooed and itinerant pursuit not wholly dissociated from the cultivation of horses for the British market,

who still expect him to finish his task. The Unionists see that they have but to play a waiting game, and Death is the ally whose coming they beseech, whose aid they implore as their last and only means of success. Gladstone is aware that the cause depends on his life, and he realizes, too, that his days are numbered, and his moments are instinct with the fate of Ireland. This is why he applies the cloture and rushes clause after clause in swift procession through the House. It is an interesting fact that the cloture which was originally created to deal with the Irish cause, its death blow, has become the one instrument by which Gladstone may cleave his way to the end. To some it may look like a dispensation of Providence. The Unionists are in a state of violent indignation against a method of procedure which they originated and unspareingly employed in their own behalf; and the method which the Home Rulers once denounced with frenzy they now (pursue with de-

mand) is remarkable how time not only changes everything beneath the circuit of the sun but how frequently the positions of men and organizations are reversed. Many years ago an organization came into force for the express purpose of establishing religious and civil liberty. Its chief fight was against the Pope and his power, and the adherents of it were known as Orangemen. There are none of us, either Protestant or Liberal Catholics, who have not felt that their mission was an exceedingly important one. The best men in the world have been fighting for liberty always; the world is what it is because in the darkest ages there have always been those who have loved liberty and the right. We may not have been always in entire accord with either the methods or the utterances of the Orange body, but thoughtful people have always understood that the most sacred and valued of the organizations which have upheld civil and religious liberty are open to abuses and are liable to make mistakes.

With what astonishment must the people have read in the newspapers within the past couple of weeks that the Grand Orange Lodge of British North America had unanimously empowered the grand master to withdraw the warrants of lodges publishing hasty and ill-considered resolutions reflecting on the conduct of brethren in the offices of the association. As to what shall be considered "hasty and ill-considered" the Grand Master is apparently left to decide and this resolution is, consequently, nothing more nor less than a declaration of the infallibility of this Protestant pope. And was it for this that the Boyne was crossed and the siege of Derry undergone? At the close of the nineteenth century is there a new papacy to be established with power of excommunication exceeding even that possessed by the pontiffs at Rome? It is such an astounding reversal of all the principles supposed to be held and conserved by the Orange order that it seems to me well worth while enquiring the meaning, scope and result of the putting into force of this politico-Protestant gag-law. Nor would it be amiss in passing to enquire what class of men make up the Grand Lodge of North America, for it is passing strange that a hundred citizens of a free country could be persuaded to pass either unanimously or by a majority any such startling resolution.

Not being an Orangeman I can only judge from the outside and state only such things as I have obtained by enquiry. I am told that a considerable majority of the whole Grand Lodge is made up of Dominion civil servants, that the rank and file can hardly ever hope to get into the Grand Lodge, that wire-pulling and log-rolling are as useful in obtaining places in the Grand Lodge as elsewhere. Remembering, then, that the Grand Master is, as heretofore, a Dominion official, that the Grand Lodge is under his control by reason of the majority occupying places in the civil service, the resolution looks exceedingly bad. Hereafter if the Grand Master sees fit to excommunicate a lodge for criticizing his action on anything like the Jesuits Estates Act, the Manitoba School Act, Dual Languages or anything of the sort, he can summarily dismiss the whole outfit and let them be anathema. Orangeism has been accused of being a political machine, and it is astonishing to me that in the face of such repeated accusations anything should be passed to so cap the climax as the resolution under discussion.

Now as to its meaning, any one who knows N. Clark Wallace will not suppose for a moment that he is seeking for autocratic power. No man in public life has less of the tyrant or autocrat about him than the Comptroller of Customs. It does not seem to me that he sought any such powers nor can I be convinced that those who wished him well would force them upon him. To put the matter plainly I think there was a "job" put up on him, and if he ever issues a bill of excommunication on any such grounds as have been declared sufficient reason he will make himself the most unpopular man in the Orange order and an impossible person for a public office. Happening to be one of those who thoroughly appreciate the member for West York, I have taken occasion to write this, suggesting that he either issue a disclaimer or so carefully avoid using the authority placed in his hands for his own destruction that the resolution will be a dead letter. I am told that Orangemen themselves are passing resolutions and are preparing to pass resolutions which will make the Grand Master exceedingly uncomfortable. As it is, his position is an absurd one, and if this thing has not been done to him by his enemies, it has been brought about by fool friends.

It is wonderful how throughout Manitoba and the Northwest at this season of the year the crops are the most absorbing topic of conversation. A man coming into town from an outlying district is eagerly questioned as to what are the prospects. Nogamblers ever watching with eager eyes the turning of a card so intently as the Manitobans are watching the ripening of the wheat. If the sun shines too hotly the question for discussion is whether it will dry up the grain and shorten the crop; if at night it turns cold the word frost is never mentioned but the enquiring look in the eyes of every man who meets you is as plain as words could make the enquiry. Do you think it will freeze to-night? No sign of heavy wind or hail escapes unnoticed; everything hinges on the crops. From personal observation and conversation with a large number of people I



THE MOTHER.

born has the worst time of his life. If he makes the home of some old-time acquaintance his headquarters, the gossips say it is cheerful to find that his cheeks have not grown thin as he has grown older. If he puts up at the hotel the gossips brush up their memories to prove there was a time when he did not strut around an hotel—"No, nor his father, before him, nor any of the name, for that matter." The only way for a young man to return after several years to his native village, without offending some, at least, of the inhabitants, is to be shipped their embalmed; and the only place where he can put up, without offence, is in the cemetery. In such a case every person agrees that it is very nice and sentimental for him to come home, and they drop cut flowers on his grave and tell how well he was succeeding and how sad it is to see him mowed down so soon. If he is unknown there are those who try to mow him with their scythe-like tongues. But even if the wayward spite of those who remember him does not make his visit unsatisfactory the number who have forgotten all about

while some despised beggar of the old days has become prosperous and abominable to everyone. The big trees you know so well are gone, none can tell you how or when; the everlasting hills have been fenced in, built upon, and smile no welcome; the river, once so big a stream that it required all your daring to wade through it, has, in grief at your long absence, shrunk to the puny dimensions of a shallow creek. But the river sets you thinking. Was it once a river of some consequence or were you once a small boy, with very short legs for wading, and so little experience that a mill-pond was more awesome than is now an ocean? That is it and that is life.

Home Rule hangs pendant on the frail thread of an old man's life. It is a heavy weight, straining and jerking and taxing the thread in a way that would cause it soon to snap were it far stronger than it is. No person has the courage to predict a successful outcome to the cause should Gladstone be removed by death. Yet, despite his excessive age, there are many

light. It is all a question of whose bull is gored. Should Gladstone die, leaving his task incomplete, as seems certain, the cloture will again turn its irresistible force against Home Rule and opinions about it will once more be reversed. The House of Lords will certainly reject the Bill and Gladstone is too old, too pressed for time, to overthrow the power of the peerage in the system of government. The Lords cannot be terrified by a threatening voice from a coffin. They know that that voice will soon be stilled and that no one will be left who is capable of carrying out its threats. A worrying policy for a year or two, at most, is all that is required to bring victory to the side of the Lords and Unionists. The rough and tumble fracas in the Commons illustrates my recent statement that man is a fighting animal, out of whom the spirit of conflict cannot be educated. That was the last place in the wide world where physical strife might have been expected. This and many other happenings, of late, are worriment that will quickly wear Gladstone out. MACK.

and led to believe that the yield will be a good fair average. The hail storm on the Manitoba and North-Western stripped the leaves from the trees and the grain from the fields for eighty or ninety square miles. Around Brandon, where the soil is light, the yield will be considerably below the average. Around Indian Head, the site of the Experimental Farm of the North-West, a more luxurious harvest has never been promised, and altogether the North-Western people are feeling in excellent spirits. Easterners do not understand what a period of suspense is being passed through by the farmers and those who rely on the farmers for their living. Hotels and railway coaches are filled by Ontario business men, and it is almost incalculable the advantage this province will receive if Manitoba and the North-West are prosperous during the coming fall.

Cleveland's message delivered at a special session of Congress has attracted the attention of the world for the lucid strength of his utterances. What he said was intelligible to everybody and many of those who read it would for the first time obtain something like an idea of the meaning of the silver question. Not only have the Democratic and Republican papers of the United States alike praised him for his manly and forcible words but the organs of public opinion in England have commended him. No man who was ever in public life in the United States has so thoroughly merited the admiration of the people as Grover Cleveland. He promises to be the apostle of a new era. He says what he has to say briefly and unobscured by the technical phrases of the politician and financier. He is not afraid of the people or of himself, and it is to be hoped that he will set the fashion of honest, plain speaking; for it takes a politician or a lawyer to understand the ordinary blue book or to read intelligently the speeches of a finance minister.

Many Canadians are enquiring with much anxiety as to what result the financial depression in the United States will have on Canada. No one is so disagreeable as the man who is always saying "I told you so," yet I have written a dozen articles predicting the almost exact condition in which the United States now find themselves. The causes were set forth and the results predicted in such a way as to entitle me to give an opinion as to the future. I am perfectly satisfied that the commercial crisis in the United States is going to do us an immense amount of good. Australia was England's pet and that insular colony could have money heaped into its hands while we were almost begging for capitalists to come here and take hold of our enterprises. Because moneyed men were sickened years ago by their investments in Grand Trunk securities, Canada has been suspected as a field for investments. Even the Latin Republics of South America could attract British capitalist, while mining and engineering enterprises offering enormous returns, were left idle in Canada. British money was always ready to be invested in United States mines and railways. Now, in the general crash, Canada will stand alone amongst the nations of the world, her banking systems solid, her business uninjured and her prospects bright. We have long waited for our turn and now it is coming. We cannot afford to tinker with the tariff, or slaughter goods will ruin our manufactures. All we have to do is to stand steady. The eyes of the moneyed world are upon us. If we conduct ourselves in a self-reliant and business-like way nothing offering decent security in this country will fall of recognition when presented to London capitalists.

DON.

Social and Personal.

Prof. Clarke has returned from New York, where he preached to crowded congregations at St. George's church during the absence of the rector, Dr. Rainsford.

Hon. S. H. Blake is at Murray Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beach and Master Beach of Isabella street have returned from Lorne Park.

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt is at Hotel Chau-

ta. Miss Wilson, daughter of the late Sir Daniel Wilson, has returned from England, where she has been for the past eight months studying the methods of the Daughters of the American Revolution preparatory to the opening of a home for the order in this city, of which she is to be the directress.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. Irish are at Maplehurst, Muskoka.

The marriage of Miss Ethel M. Montizambert, eldest daughter of Dr. F. Montizambert, 75, St. George street, and Mr. M. Russell Hall of Quebec will take place at Cacouna on Tuesday, August 15.

Mr. Thomas Ballantyne, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, registered at the Rossin last Tuesday.

Miss Laura McGillivray, so well known in Toronto, and who made such a brilliant debut in the Girl I left behind, is now assuming with great success the part of Lucy Harborth at the Schiller, Chicago. Miss McGillivray's success is surprising for a girl with so short an experience, as the company in which she appears is of the highest capacity.

Rev. Charles Scadding, formerly of Toronto, but now of Toledo, preached last Sunday morning and evening at the new church of St. John the Evangelist.

Rev. Septimus Jones has left town for the month of August.

Herr Klingenstein, principal of the Halifax Conservatory of Music, is to remove to Toronto. Herr Klingenstein is the leading musician of Eastern Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. James Baird of Gloucester street returned to the city last week.

A grand concert and dance will take place at Niagara-on-the-Lake on Wednesday, August

16. A week later, on the 23rd, the bowling tournament of the Ontario Bowling Association, will begin and continue until the 26th. On August 29 the tennis tournament will begin.

The yacht Conder left on Saturday last for a cruise.

Sir David L. Macpherson has made the citizens a present of his valuable collection of palms and foliage plants.

Mr. Albert Nordheimer of this city left on the Havel for Southampton and Bremen.

Mrs. Alan and Miss Macdougall and Mrs. McCaul are at Cottage City, Mass.

Mr. S. H. Jones of Toronto is at the Gladstone, Narragansett Pier, R.I.

Major Manly has gone to Muskoka.

The choir boys of St. Matthias church and St. Thomas church, about thirty in all, are camped on the Island near the Lighthouse. They will put in three weeks.

Mr. J. Ross Robertson is on his way to England.

Assistant Crown Lands Commissioner Aubrey White is in Bracebridge.

Mr. David Keith has returned to Toronto after a three years' sojourn in foreign lands.

Miss Caroline Miskel, who has been visiting her mother for five weeks, recently left for New York, where she is engaged for the entire season at Madison Square Theater.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Taylor have returned from Mount Clemens, Mich.

Sir Oliver Mowat has returned to town from Muskoka.

Mr. D. E. Cameron has returned from the Thousand Islands.

Mr. Peter, Mr. A. and Miss Camelia Small have gone to Chicago.

The Bishop of Algoma arrived by the Numidian last Monday.

The Vlado left the city last Saturday for a ten day's trip among the Thousand Islands. There was a jolly crew aboard, among whom were Messrs. G. W. Keily, Coffe, Walsh, Cosgraves, Roberts, Mathews, Pangel, Clark and others.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howland sailed for England on the Vancouver, August 4.

Dr. Williamson of Cincinnati was in the city for a few days.

Dr. Davidson of Charles street took in the Niagara trip on Friday week on the magnificent ship Chippewa, where his surgical skill was called into requisition to replace a dislocated shoulder of a poor lad. The job was kindly attended to. Mr. Dan Rose, St. Mary street, assisting.

Mr. E. S. Piper of Bernard avenue gave a delightful party on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Mabel Watson, Peterboro.

Mr. James L. Hughes has returned from the World's Fair.

Miss Nora Clench, the violinist, arrived home by the Vancouver.

Rev. Prof. Clarke will preach in St. James' on Sunday mornings and the third Sunday evening in August.

Signor Vegara of Montreal has taken up his residence in Toronto and will join the staff at the Conservatory.

The Canadian Headquarter Club of Chicago has removed from Marquette Hotel to the Kirkland, Vincennes road, in order to be close to the Fair.

The new curate at St. Peter's officiated last Sunday.

A very distinguished party arrived in the city on Friday, forty or fifty members of the English Society of Arts. Among those in the party were: Rear Admiral S. P. Macleod, Major L'Aker, Capt. Colquhoun Scowee, Messrs. A. Barclay, Fred Cleever, W. B. Fitch, A. S. Herivel, H. G. Lloyd, Joseph Paget, Gilbert Purvis, Rupert Smindell, J. A. West and others.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Senior of Yonge street left on Thursday week on their wheels for a trip through Western Ontario. Among other places they intend visiting Hamilton, Aylmer and Exeter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bertram and family are at Maplehurst, Muskoka.

Dr. G. S. Ryerson will be the colonel of the proposed new battalion should the Government permit its establishment.

The marriage of Miss Cameron of Youngstown, N. Y., and Mr. Harry A. Allen of Rochester was a very noticeable event. The bride who is quite a beauty and who was magnificently attired, in a rich white wedding gown, was supported by twenty-two bridesmaids, all elegantly gowned in white. The church was decorated with flowers and altogether it was a social event long to be remembered.

Mr. and Mrs. Suckling, sr., returned on Wednesday, August 2, after a stay of three years in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Massey returned from Massey Camp, Sparrow Lake, on Thursday week.

Mr. George McCullough, pastor of St. Albans' Methodist Church, brought his bride home Wednesday evening. The happy couple were welcomed heartily.

Dr. Copon of Carlton street has gone to Chicago.

Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist of the Jarvis street Baptist church, has received an official invitation from Mr. Theodore Thomas and the World's Fair Musical Bureau to give a recital in the Music Hall of the Exposition on the large organ erected for that purpose. This is a flat-

terning testimony of the high esteem in which our leading Canadian musicians are held by the authorities having in charge the music of the great exhibition.

Mr. Richard Brown of Jarvis street, Miss Brown, Miss Belle Brown and Master Norman Brown, and Miss Susie Ellis of Sherbourne street have returned from visiting the World's Fair. Miss Brown leaves this week to visit Miss Clara Field of Cobourg.

Messrs. W. E. Burritt and G. S. Morrice are at the Ottawa House, Cushing's Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Way are at Woodlands, Pointe Metis, for the holidays.

Mr. C. D. Richardson is at the Iroquois Hotel, St. Hilaire.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are at Powder Springs, Richford, Vt.

Mr. John King is at Gaspe Basin, Quebec.

Mrs. Lyndhurst Osgood and family are at Cushing's Island, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howland and Miss Howland sailed on the Vancouver last week for England.

Mr. and Miss Ross are at their beautiful house on the Ridge, Point a Pic, Que., for the summer.

Mr. E. R. Vankoughnet saved the life of a young lady bather at Old Orchard under circumstances of great peril on Wednesday of last week. When by the assistance of the bathers, who formed a chain to the beach, the couple were safely brought to shore, the young lady was insensible and her gallant rescuer almost exhausted.

A number of Toronto people are at Little Metis, Quebec. Among others are: Mrs. T. B. Holland, Mr. James Jeffrey, the Misses E. M. and Jennie Balmer, and Mrs. Dalsimer. Mrs. Black and family of London are visiting friends in the city.

The committee of ladies for the Cacouna resort for clergy in need of summer rest and fresh air consists of Mesdames Bell, Irvine and John Hamilton of Quebec, and Mrs. W. G. P. Cassells of Toronto. This lovely resort accommodates recuperating clergymen for a nominal charge of fifty cents a day, and is capitally managed and highly endorsed by those who have been guests.

Miss McCrae of Toronto was one of the guests at the Victoria Rifles reception given at Montreal in honor of the officers of the Italian man-of-war Etna. Miss McCrae's dainty Empire gown of white crepe and satin was much admired.

Miss S. Wiley of Baldwin street, and Miss Vanderberg of Czar street are travelling for a couple of weeks through Western Ontario.

Mr. Geo. E. Stacey is summering in Orillia.

Mr. J. M. King, Q.C., and family of Berlin have removed to Toronto, and are living at 147 Beverley street.

Mrs. John O'Grady and Miss O'Grady are staying at Lewiston.

Misses Lillie and Florence McConnell of Dundas street have gone for a month's visit to Cleveland, O.

Miss Florence Strachan of Montreal is visiting Mrs. Thomas Harvie of Wilton avenue while en route home from the World's Fair.

Mrs. E. W. Gardner and Miss Gardner of 78 Sullivan street, left last week for a visit to the World's Fair.

Mr. H. A. Stewart and Mr. W. E. Stewart were in the city last week.

Mr. W. B. Varley spent his holidays near the height of land.

Mr. Frank C. Cooke is summering in Bruce County.

Mr. J. Bell Ferguson of McGill University was in the city this week.

Miss Tweedie of Simpson avenue is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Tassie, at Dresden, Ont.

Miss Gussie Dixon is visiting Miss Jennie Fraser at Beaneleigh cottage, De Grassi Point, Lake Simcoe.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Ball of Sherbourne street left on Thursday for a month's visit to Old Orchard Beach.

The aquatic sports at the Island on Saturday afternoon were well attended and would have been interesting but for the interruption of the rain which drove all to shelter, many with ruined summer toilets.

Miss O'Hara is spending some time with her relatives in Chatham.

Mrs. Horace A. Wilson and children of Church street are holidaying with her sister, Mrs. McIntosh and family, in camp at Lambton.

Mrs. Alfred Dinnison is visiting her parents, Archdeacon and Mrs. Sandys of Chatham.

Miss Siddall of Rosedale, with her sisters, Misses Annie and Lillie, are visiting the World's Fair in company with Mr. and Mrs. William Bengough of New York.

Mrs. Cotterell of Deer Park and two daughters, Mrs. Gamble and daughter, Mr. E. Coote and family and Miss Tim of Buffalo are among those registered at the Paignton House, Muskoka.

Mr. Reginald Temple, son of Dr. Temple, of Simcoe street, and Mr. Albert Macdonald, son of Dr. Macdonald, circumnavigated Lake Simcoe last week in an open boat.

Miss Jennie Lewis is visiting her sister in Goodells, Mich.

Last week at Baljeannie, Sask., Miss Bessie, daughter of Mr. William Westlake, of Plymouth, England, late of London, Ont., was married by Rev. Thos. Clarke to Mr. Hugh

Richardson of Battleford. Miss Westlake, prior to her departure for the Northwest, had spent much of her time in Toronto with her sisters, Mrs. Frank Yeigh and Mrs. R. S. Wilkie, and Mr. Richardson, though for many years a resident of Battleford, where he holds the position of postmaster, is a native of Ontario and an old Upper Canada College boy. He is a son of Judge Richardson, of Regina, and brother of Mrs. C. O. Ermatinger of St. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Elgie are spending the summer months at Wellesley Island, Muskoka.

Mrs. Kennedy and family of Dixie, Ont., are visiting T. G. Elgie at Wellesley Island, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. John Earls and family and Mrs. Brennan are summering at Earlscourt, Mr. Earls' Lorne Park villa, and purpose visiting the World's Fair in company with the Hon. Joseph and Mrs. Locke of Portland, Me., in September.

Al. Geo. McMurrich was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Earls of Earlscourt, Lorne Park, last week.

Master Jack Coulson, son of Mr. Duncan Coulson, of Beverley street, is spending his vacation at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake. The family are travelling on the continent.

Miss Ethel Montizambert of St. George street, Toronto, is to be married this month at Cacouna to Mr. Russell Hale of Quebec.

The St. James Cathedral afternoon Sunday school held their picnic at Long Branch spending a most delightful day, the weather was perfect, and the pleasure of the young excursionists was greatly advanced by the jovial and energetic interest of the superintendent, Rev. Arthur Manning, who, in true picnic costume, disported himself in active usefulness through the spacious pavilions and admirable grounds of the Branch.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season took place on Wednesday evening, August 9, in Erskine church, Caer Howell street, before a large number of guests, the contracting parties being Adam B. Mitchell and Kate, fourth daughter of the late John Mackenzie. The bride was attired in white Bedford cord and *faille* with veil, orange blossoms, and wore diamond ornaments, the gift of the groom, and was one of the prettiest brides married this season. She was supported by Misses Wallon and Mitchell as bridesmaids, the groom being supported by Messrs. W. B. Campbell and Alexander Munro. The ladies of the church had prettily decorated the pulpit, organ and choir seats with foliage and natural flowers. Miss Mackenzie has left a gap in Erskine church which will be difficult to fill, being one of the principal workers in the Christian Endeavor Association and one of the most successful workers in the Sabbath school.

At Prospect House, Port Sandfield, Muskoka, on Monday evening last, a large children's ball was given. The ballroom was filled with the young members of the families staying in the hotel, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The young people, with their bright faces full of life, danced gaily to the music supplied by Mrs. Glasser, Miss Nellie Gordon, Miss Tingling, Miss Croft and Mrs. Mayo. Among the young ladies present were: Misses Phillips, Craig, Madison, Warwick, Carmichael, Dallas, Beatty, Snider, and others. After the ball an impromptu surprise party was given to celebrate Miss Nellie Gordon's birthday, and an hour was spent with songs and speeches. During the evening Miss Gordon was presented with a large bouquet and a scent case by her friends in recognition of her kindness in providing music for the dances which are held at the Prospect House.

August 12 1893

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3

STORE

EAR

y.

Josquetaire.

Kid Gloves,

and welts to

our Summer

ings

of Silk

elow Cost

CO.

t East.

ges

Etc.

ments of

cities and

French

sets and

Flower

vases.

IECA

t

ronto

ede, Ode, or

new shoe—25.

TORE

House).

—

LTIES

—

s in the

CO'S

Sts.

—

—

sian

—

TD.

TO

—

r yard

—

r yard

—

, De-

ns and

—

ON

Out of Town.

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Although still a comparative stranger, Mrs. E. W. Syer has already won a host of admirers. Anyone who saw her as she appeared a few days after her arrival could not help admiring the graceful young bride. She wore a white flannel suit which fitted her pretty figure to perfection, and above the collar of light brown hair rested a wide white hat from which nodded a spray of pale pink poppies. Her face is not only pretty in feature, but has an indescribable sweetness of expression which is as uncommon as it is charming.

The children's fancy dress ball at the Queen's Royal Hotel, last Thursday evening, was a wonderfully pretty scene. About a hundred and fifty little ones, all excitement and importance, and arrayed in every conceivable style of costumes, from the demure, dark-eyed bride in her snowy veil and glowing draperies of white, to the handsome, ebony-skinned negro minstrel, assembled in the drawing room and entrance hall, and from there, two and two, marched to the drawing room. Masks were dispensed with this year, and the long procession of merry mites, quaint and comical, and representative of almost every age and country, left nothing to the imagination.

The opening march, with its pretty, intricate windings afforded a good opportunity to those looking on to study the various costumes and characters, and as the columns wound in and out and doubled and broke into single file with scarcely a hesitation or mistake the general approbation and pleasure of those looking on found expression in a well deserved burst of applause. And with a funny mixture of childish merriment and old-fashioned staidness of demeanor, as befitting the important occasion, did the small representatives of the fashionable world deport themselves. Every costume in the room was perfect, and not by a suggestion could one of them have been improved upon. It was impossible to secure the names of all those present, but the following are a few: Miss Marie Foy and Miss Annie Kingsmill, two handsomely dressed little ladies of the sixteenth century, and could the maidens of that remote period have foreseen events they would have blushed with pride and pleasure at being so well and prettily represented; Master Ernest Dickson, a typical young chorister with his fair English complexion, soft gray eyes and light brown hair; Miss Beatrice Ferguson, a jolly little French cook, whose costume suited to perfection her pretty pink and white skin and fat, dimpled arms; Miss Bella Evans, as night, in billows of black not spangled with silver stars and crescents, and a large crescent in her hair; Miss Ina Whitnett was simply captivating as an old market-woman; Miss Gladys Buchanan, a lovely little girl with long, loose curls of dark brown hair, and dainty features, made a beautiful Riding Hood, while her sister, Lulu, as a lamp-shade was one of the most admired in the room. Her dress was made entirely of pale yellow crinkled paper with a prettily arranged bordering of violets around the neck; Miss Mary Garrett was a vivacious and charming little Normandy peasant in black and scarlet with a white cap set jauntily on her dark hair; Miss Ethel Stone, whose dancing was exquisitely graceful and aroused the envy of many and the admiration of everyone, was appropriately costumed as a butterfly with yellow stockings and slippers to match her gown; Master Harry Stone, who also danced beautifully, looked remarkably well as a student; Master Robbie Stone, a yellow butterfly; Master Gault Kingsmill, Master Bill Warren, Master Sport Coulson and Master Hamilton were four jolly young sailors; Master Frank Foy, a policeman; Master G. Hanson, Little Boy Blue; Master Jack Coulson, a nigger Dade; Master Tommy Anderson, a baker; Miss Lilly Hanson, a little maiden with large dark eyes and jet black hair looked naturally what she so well represented—a Spanish lady; Master J. Baird, a dude; Master Joe Syer, a well built, handsome little chap, wore the scarlet uniform and jutty cap of Canada's militia; Miss Lansing Macrae, in pale pink silk with a wide white hat trimmed with pink and carrying a dainty little basket of natural flowers made a sweetly pretty bridesmaid; Miss Fiora Garrett and Miss Elsie Geddes, two very little girls, floated round in the gay whirl in gowns representing Time and Trouble, as well as the Press, for a marvelous number of newspapers, including SATURDAY NIGHT, which stood out conspicuously, were outlined in fancy letters all over their artistically fashioned costumes; Miss Evelyn Dickson's brown eyes gleamed mischievously out from behind the lace mantilla of a Spanish lady; and a very pretty Quakeress was Miss Ella Winnett, in her soft gray gown and huge bonnet, which hid too much of the wearer's loveable little face; Miss Birdie Warren, with her dark hair and big brown eyes, made a splendid gypsy; Miss Pauline Foy, little fairy in blue gauze, might have been mistaken for Thistledown if her costume had only been white; Master Jack Foy, a clown; Master Jim Foy, in white wig and gown was a very wise looking barrister; Master Eddie Foy and Master Ernest Lansing, Tarks; Master Freddie Foy, a chubby-faced mite of about four, with big solemn eyes and brown curly hair made a beautiful little Lord Fauntleroy; Miss Lizzie Alma, a very pretty Spanish dancer; Master Willie Alma, whose costume was one of the best in the room, a Mexican Cow Boy; Miss Lulu Miller, a gypsy; Miss Harriett Biessell, a little Red Riding Hood; Miss Gertrude Hanson, in white muslin, Debuteante; Miss Clara Foy, in black and silver, Night; Miss Gertrude Foy as Winter, suggested thoughts of ice and snow most welcome and refreshing in the heated atmosphere of the ball-room; Miss Florry Foy and Miss Mary Biessell, peasants; Miss Viola Geddes and Miss Florence Hanson, quaint, picturesque Japanese girls; Miss Ida Hanson, a very pretty Gypsy maid; while her sister was dressed as a Bonnie Scotch Laddie; Master N. Wylie, Student; Miss Alice Squires and Miss Florence Heward, two white capped French Cooks, who danced remarkably well; Master Bertie Dickson, a handsome curly-haired Negro Minstrel; Miss Baby Lewis, a winsome little Marguerite; Miss Gladys Macklem, Debuteante.

Every chair in the ball-room, even to a double row where space would allow, was occupied by friends and relatives of the little ones, and the doors leading to the dining-room and the verandahs were also crowded. It was one of the prettiest events of the season.

Miss Barnard is the guest of Miss Kingsmill. Miss Galbraith of Hamilton is stopping with Miss Mabel Ker.

GALETEA.

Stratford

Mrs. Minnie E. Doyle of Buffalo who has been visiting in the city for some time has returned to Buffalo.

Mrs. A. Leroy-Burk and Miss Eve Burk of Hamilton are the guests of Mrs. Jas. Baxter.

Mrs. Wm. Boles gave a party at her residence on August 4 to a large number of children.

A. H. Alexander and wife have been rustinating on the Georgian Bay.

Mrs. Jas. Dalton and Miss Nellie Forman are at the World's Fair.

"Bob" Sprowl, "Lord" Ragan and party spent last week fishing around Wiarton and met with great success.

Mr. Tompkins, city editor of the Beacon is leaving the city; while here he made many friends who are sorry to see him go, as the Beacon was more readable during his regime than before.

Preparations are being made to have a large celebration on the Civic Holiday, August 24, Capt. Clark's cadets of Guelph are to give an exhibition on that date, and the various societies are to turn out. Stratford will be worth visiting on that day.

On his return from his wedding trip Mr. R. Neild has taken up his residence in one of Grange street's handsome houses.

Architect Baxter is opening up branch offices in Berlin, Guelph and Galt.

Miss Buckingham is in Brantford, the guest of Mrs. T. H. Preston.

Miss Bella Walker is visiting friends in London.

Mr. R. Ballantyne was in Listowel for a few days last week at the cheese convention.

Last Friday night a lovely party was given to about sixty young people at the pretty residence of Mr. Clark, the genial postoffice official.

Mrs. J. Palmer-Rankin is visiting friends at 601 Parliament street, Toronto.

Mr. Sidney Johnson leaves in a few days for a month's surveying trip in Algoma.

Rev. Father Mungovan of Sandwich and Mr. Dennis Mungovan, editor of the Orangeville Post, are visiting in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Worth and Misses Brown and Johnson left last week for Collingwood, where, with Mr. J. H. Kerner of this city, they took the steamer Atlantic for Mackinac.

The Huron Signal notes the following Startfordites at the Point Farm: Mr. and Mrs. C. Young, four children and nurse, Mr. C. Young, Miss H. Young, Miss McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rennie, Miss G. McPherson, Miss H. McPherson, Miss L. Fisher, Miss E. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Mr. Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

Thirty-two citizens of Stratford left on the August 4 excursion to Chicago, among whom were: Messrs. William Alexander, Richard Gray, E. Dingman, W. S. Dingman, James O'Loane, John Neild, and Misses Dingman and Ernest Frank Palmer.

Miss Tillie Neild is visiting in Wiarton.

Miss Minnie Henderson of Stratford is to teach in the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

MARJORIE'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacobi's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret," "Under False Pretenses," &c., &c.

COPYRIGHTED, 1893, BY THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER V.

The silence was broken by the clatter of footfalls on the flagged path which led to the cottage door, and then by the sound of voices, and a good deal of fuss in the way of umbrellas, shaking and removal of clogs.

"There's Mrs. Barber," said Felix, starting up. "I must go and explain to her how we came here."

Mrs. Barber, a short, round, apple-cheeked woman, nearly sixty, bustled into the kitchen in a state of some alarm, for the traces of wet feet on her clean brick floor, told her that intruders had made their way into the house.

She was delighted to find that it was the young Squire, as she persisted in calling Felix, and she was less respectful but very kindly towards Marjory, whom she already knew by sight. She put on the kettle, and then hurried Marjory upstairs in order to give her some dry clothes, and Felix was left to converse with old Barber, a tall, weather-beaten man, extremely slow of speech and hard of hearing. Under these circumstances, conversation did not flourish, and Felix was glad when Mrs. Barber came downstairs again, talking all the way, and ready to ransack her household stores, in order to provide for the wants of her visitors. She insisted at first that neither of them could give to Felix, and her old man should sleep on the settle, while she and Marjory shared a room together. But to this plan Felix would not consent.

"No," he said, "I shall go home. I don't mind the rain at all, but if you will keep Marjory for the night, I shall be very glad."

Marjory looked at him with a curious expression in her eyes. What was he going to do? What did he expect her to do next? Was she going to be restored by force to her friends, or was he going to assist her in her flight?

Neither, it seemed. He drew her aside before he took his leave, and said a few words to her in a low and earnest voice.

"Marjory," he said, "if you will stay here for a few hours, I will come back to-morrow and see what can be arranged. Only promise that you won't go away without seeing me again."

"Are you going to tell the Pawsons where I am?" she asked.

"If I tell them anything, it will only be to prevent them making a hue and cry, and searching for you, which would be far worse. Believe me, I won't let them do you any harm, Marjory. I think you might trust me for that."

He spoke with boyish vehemence, and Marjory's face instantly flushed.

"I do trust you," she said, "when you tell me that you won't give me back to them, but how was I to know?"

"Well, you won't go away until I have seen you again."

"Very well," said Marjory, "but will Mrs. Barber mind my staying here? You will come back to-morrow!"

"Mrs. Barber won't mind a bit," said Felix, "and I shall be sure to come. Good night."

He went off cheerfully, in spite of the still pouring rain, and Marjory was left to the care of Mrs. Barber, who, although a little suspicious of a girl who seemed so different from ordinary girls of her station, could not help being motherly and kind to anyone who was in need of help.

It was eleven o'clock before Felix reached home. He was wet through, and very tired and inclined to be impatient of old Pawson's well-regulated establishment and disappearance at young master's state. Felix got rid of him and his entrees as soon as he could and went to bed; where, however, he tossed about in a ferment of angry feeling, which came from sources that he himself only half understood.

The squire was surprised, and on the whole pleased, to find that Felix had come to meet him when he arrived about noon at the nearest station, which was three miles away from Redwood Hall. He thought that Felix meant to pay him some little attention, by coming in this way, and he was not very well accosted to receiving attentions from Felix, whose manner towards his uncle was always somewhat reserved, if not surly.

"You are going to drive, are you, Felix?" said the uncle; "that is right. Put my portmanteau in behind." You haven't brought a man with you, I see."

"No, I haven't," said Felix, as he mounted the high dog-car in which he had driven down to the station. "I wanted to speak to you, and I thought that George would be rather in the way."

"Oh, wanted to speak to me, did you?" said Sheraton Hyde, as he mounted more slowly to the seat beside the driver and stole a look at Felix's lowering brows and compressed lips.

"Some sort of storm in the air," he thought to himself, "or is it that the boy has changed his mind and wants to throw up the doctoring business after all?"

"Well," he said, as they got clear of the bustle of the station and were driving down a little village street, "what is the matter now? You don't look quite happy in your mind."

"I'm not," Felix rapped out sharply. "I am disappointed."

"Disappointed? What in?" The Squire had not a single idea as to what was passing in the boy's mind and was considerably astonished when Felix answered abruptly:

"I suppose I must say—in you."

"In me! Well, that's rather a good joke," said Mr. Hyde, laughing a little uneasily.

"What have I been doing now?" said Felix obstinately.

"It is just this, I don't think you have been behaving fairly to that girl, Marjory Moore, the girl that plays the violin."

"Oh, oh, that's the grievance, is it? Well, for my part, I think I am doing a good deal for her. She's getting the best lessons that can be got for her in this neighborhood, and I am paying for them. Not many people would do that, let me tell you."

"I know that; but when I was here last you were talking of sending her abroad and taking upon yourself the whole cost of her education as a musician."

"Yes, yes, I know I did," said Mr. Hyde in a deprecating tone. "I was perhaps a little over hasty. I was so surprised to find musical talent of any kind in a Surrey village that I perhaps overrated her abilities. Mr. Tring, now—Mr. Tring does not think so very much of her; and really, she has not got on quite as well as we expected. She is very quick tempered and doesn't take a reproof very easily. Tring, as he has a good deal of difficulty with her, I believe, says she is utterly undisciplined and all that sort of thing."

"That is very likely," said Felix; "but I don't know that it affects the matter. I think that at present you—we" (he changed the pronoun carefully, in order to give less offence)—"we are doing the girl a great deal more harm than good. We've taken her away from her natural work and cultivated her talent just enough to make her dissatisfied with her surroundings and useless to her friends. What are we to do next?"

"Upon my word, Felix, you talk like a book," said Mr. Hyde laughing. "Where did you learn all your wisdom? The girl is doing well enough."

"She is not doing well," said Felix shortly "and she ran away from the Pawsons last

night, meaning to go to London," whereupon he gave his uncle a sketch of the incident which had occurred on the previous evening, and Mr. Hyde listening with a look of mingled amusement and vexation.

"Confound the girl!" he said at length. "Who would have thought she was such a little spit fire! It's unfortunate, very unfortunate. She has talent; that's certain, but not a very great talent. Tring says, and he's of opinion that it would be sheer waste of money to send her to Germany."

"Then her mind has been unsettled, and her life practically spoilt for nothing?" said Felix, with flashing eyes.

"My dear boy, you must not take things in that tragic way. She is a little unsettled, I admit, but when it is once made clear, she will reconcile herself to the life she has to lead, as sooner or later, everybody does."

"It is cruel to the girl," said Felix, still vehemently.

"Why?" said his uncle in some surprise, "I thought it was you who locked down upon the life of a professional musician. Thought it beneath the dignity of a human being, and all that sort of thing, eh?"

"It was not that," said Felix with a flush. "It was only for myself that I did not want it. But this girl has all the ambition which you told me I lacked."

"Ambition, has she?" said Mr. Hyde, thoughtfully. "It is a sad thing when ambition outruns talent."

"I don't believe much in old Tring's opinion," said Felix. "You are a much better judge than he is, and you know you thought her a genius."

The Squire was a little flattered by this tribute to his judgment, and his voice softened as he replied.

"That may be the case. Yes, of course, I have experience, and some of the young people I have thought well of, have turned out extremely well. Perhaps, as you say, I have been too ready to depend on Tring's judgment, but it is a serious thing, Felix, to undertake the whole future of a girl who has no claim upon me as claim at all."

"I think that by raising her hopes and taking her away from the life she was leading when you first met her, you have already given her a claim on us," said Felix, "and at any rate, it comes to this, she won't go back to the Pawsons, and she ought not to be allowed to run off to London by herself. What is she to do?"

"I'm sure I can't say," said Mr. Hyde fidgetting.

"I do trust you," she said, "when you tell me that you won't give me back to them, but how was I to know?"

"Well, you know the lady?" cried Mrs. Drummond in a high note of surprise.

"Yes," said Felix calmly, "I have known her for some time."

"Well, who is she, and what is she like?"

"There is nothing very much to tell," said Felix. "She is middle-aged, rather nice-looking, well educated, and all that sort of thing."

"Good family?" enquired Mrs. Drummond.

Felix shook his head. "I don't know anything about her family. She has been living in London some years, taking girls as boarders and looking after them."

"A schoolmistress," said Mrs. Drummond, with infinite scorn. "Where on earth did your uncle pick her up?"

"Do you know how he met her, Felix?" enquired Helen.

"I think I can tell you that," said Felix, with rather a look amusement on his face.

"Do you remember a girl in whom my uncle took great interest, some years ago? A girl who played the violin, and whom he sent to Germany?"

"Yes, yes, I remember. He raved about her for a few weeks," said Mrs. Drummond, "and then lost interest in her, quite in his usual way. I remember hearing afterwards that he sent her to Germany to study."

"Tell me about her. She was very kind to her. Well, this Mrs. Bullen was the lady to whom Miss Moore was first sent, before going to Germany, and with whom she has been in contact of her holidays ever since. Mrs. Bullen was a motherly kind of woman, I believe, and took a great interest in this protege of my uncle's."

"Miss Moore!" interrupted Mrs. Drummond, in a disdainful tone. "She was a niece of those Pawson people, wasn't she? She's gone up in the world."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"Miss Moore!" interrupted Mrs. Drummond, in a disdainful tone. "She was a niece of those Pawson people, wasn't she? She's gone up in the world."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

"She is certainly making a name for herself," said Felix with a gravity which seemed intended to repress Mrs. Drummond's exclamations.

"She did very well at Leipzig, I believe, and in reality chose gowns which were suitable to country lanes and useful as well as becoming. It would have suited neither her tastes nor her habits to adopt the trailing folds and delicate laces which were so extremely popular in Germany."

her," said Felix. "Redwood Hall is not a particularly cheerful place to live in unless it is filled with cheerful people. I think that poor Mrs. Hyde and her—her adopted daughter, you know will find it a little dull."

"Her adopted daughter!" said Helen, rather strangely. "Do you mean the girl, Marjory Moore."

"Yes, I mean Marjory Moore," Felix looking straight before him, and there was something in his tone or in his expression, which for the moment startled Helen into the conviction that Felix had a deeper interest in Marjory Moore than he wanted to betray.

(To be Continued.)

The Munro Case.

GRANTLEY, Ont., Aug. 7.—The interest in the case of Mr. Munro, of which mention was made in the despatch from here last week, rapidly increases as his improvement in health progresses. As a wise man should do, Mr. Munro did not say anything about his trial of Dodd's kidney pills for the dropsy which afflicted him, until he had found that good would result from their use. Now that he has satisfied himself and others of this, beyond the shadow of a doubt, he is loud in his praises of the remedy. In answer to the enquiries that have poured in upon him about his health, Mr. Munro answers: "I am better than I have been for three years, and the credit is due to Dodd's kidney pills." His case and others prove that these pills are by all odds, the most wonderful remedy of the age.

A Curse that Came Home.

Farmer Leslie sat smoking in his doorway in the most contented frame of mind possible for a man, for he was at that moment basking in the warm sunshine of prosperity. It gave him a great content, but it was purely an animal content—no chord of his higher nature was touched. As far as the eye could see, the hills and the flocks on the hills were his. The excellent woman attending to his corporeal comfort within the dwelling was his. The bright girl sewing at an upper window, and the handsome boy sleeping along the valley on his narrow bed, were his children. The great barn filled with harvested grain was his. He did not look up and claim the sky, but all else about him was of value as a part of his domain. "Me and mine," was the refrain of his song.

At that moment something came around the corner of the house that did not belong to him, and it gave him a shock—a very disagreeable thrill, that was mostly disgust, and no quality of fear in it. The something was a tramp. The name is synonymous with obliquity, and this specimen did not belie the name. He shivered in the sunlight as if he had the ague. His rags stood out like splinters of distress, telling of a long friction with time. His limbs had that flaccid, relaxed motion which is typical of the drunken vagabond. His eyes were bloodshot. The only redeeming features were his voice, which was musical and pathetic, and his manner, which was that of a man who had not always tramped the thoroughfares of the world.

"Sir," he said, touching the rim of a dappled hat, "will you be so kind as to give me a little money? I am very hungry."

One would suppose that sitting there in the sunlight of his own happiness Farmer Leslie, the prosperous man, would have given a generous meal to this off-scouring of humanity—but he did nothing of the kind.

"Be off," he said, "or I'll set the dog on you!"

"I will work—" began the tramp.

"Oh, you will? I don't need your help. I have men to work for me, not such cattle as you."

Ab, it cut to the quick, as he intended it should. The tramp made a savage spring forward, and a look of vindictive rage crossed his features—then he stopped, swung around and walked away.

"Cattle!" He flung the words out with bitterness. "You're right, friend, only—cattle that are made in God's image, and human!"

"So the fellow's had a schooling," was all the comment the farmer made. He did not see the humanitarian episode that was transacted at his back door when his good wife, who had overheard the dialogue, handed out some bread and meat to the tramp.

Farmer Leslie knew nothing of that. He was watching a speck far down in the valley that was a whole world to him, his boy galloping about from farmhouse to farmhouse, where his playfellow lived, showing them his new possession, the pony his father had given him for a birthday present.

Farmer Leslie did have soft spots in his heart, but as I have said, they were for "me and mine." He gave no further thought to the wretched, disheartened man he had repulsed. He did not stop to gently scan his brother man, and he did not believe that to step aside is human. So he put the object out of his mind and gave himself up to the contemplation of pleasant themes.

The tramp lay on the side of a hill far enough from the house to be unrecognizable, and ate Mrs. Leslie's bounty in a semi-savage mood. These were not his real table manners—he had not forgotten them, but if each mouthful he devoured had been the heart of an enemy, he could not have been more ghoulish or vicious. Every few moments he would burst into anathemas of speech:

"Cattle! Curse him! What is he? I'd like to make him suffer—yes, I would. Oh, I could die happy just to see that man in my place!"

He lay and watched the man he hated, but he divided his attention. His bloodshot, sunken eyes were fixed now on the splendid barn that had cost the farmer so many thousands of dollars, and was the pride of the surrounding country. The fellow writhed with impatience.

"I hope he'll read the writing on the wall and recognize the tramp's hand. I hope he'll—it's working!"

He saw a thin spiral of smoke rising like a crooked forefinger from the roof of the barn. The farmer sitting now with his back turned did not see it.

The tramp watched it and smiled as Cain

must have smiled when he slew Abel. He gesticulated fiercely as if to sustain himself in some awful deed; then another look came into his face as he saw a boy ride gaily up to the barn, turn his horse loose, and carrying the saddle on his arm, disappear inside.

One—two—three minutes passed! Nothing had changed except the aspect of that thin spiral of smoke. It was now a column cut off from the roof by a blaze that the sunlight shielded. Farmer Leslie was asleep in his chair.

The tramp rose to his feet. His expression and the evil purpose that possessed him changed to a look of disreputable virtue. His form expanded and grew taller, but he stood as if rooted to hills.

Farmer Leslie was aroused now. His wife and daughter were running here and there, shrieking fire, and he was wildly calling for help, to which summons his men working in the field responded. But there was no help that could save the smoldering mass, and no man that could enter that fiery furnace.

"Let it burn," shouted the farmer; "thank God we are all here."

And at that moment his eye fell on his son's pony grazing in the field near by.

"Alfred!" he shouted, "is he in the house? What is Alfred?"

A man darted past him and disappeared in that seething mass of flame and smoke. The group paid no attention to him, but ran distractedly about, calling the name of the boy who was the pride of their lives.

Then there was a cry from within, a smothered cry, taken up and re-echoed by those outside as they recognized his voice.

"It is my boy—let me get to him," shouted Farmer Leslie, struggling in the hands of his men. "I will save him or die with him."

But they could see the shadow of a man who walked like Shadrach of old in the fiery furnace, but unlike him there was the smell of fire on his garments, and if the Saviour of men walked with him, their eyes were hidden that they could not see. He carried a burden that he had covered with his tattered coat. The fire fought for him and wound its long tendrils around him. It put out the light in those bloodshot eyes forever. He was literally blazing when he gathered up the last remnant of his strength, and threw his burden to those who met him half way. Then there was a roar and a crash, and never had man more magnificent funeral pyre than this would have made. But he stumbled just outside, and a fallen beam pinned him to the earth.

"He saved me, father—I was asleep and he just caught me up in his arms and ran with me, and, oh! father, you will give him money and clothe him, and he shall have my pony, and everything."

"Yes, yes, please God I will make a man of him," said the farmer as he bent anxiously over the tramp, who, blind and broken, was coming back to consciousness.

"Father—mother," he murmured, "are—you—you—both—here? Take—my—hand."

Mrs. Leslie and her husband sank sobbing on their knees, and each took a hand of the poor outcast.

"It's—getting—light," he said. "I—must—get—up."

He tried to rise, but the effort was useless. His poor head refused to move.

"I know," he said in a clear voice, "it's—the—boy. Is—it—safe?"

"Safe, and it is on who saved him. Live, my friend, and let me show you how grateful we are," said the farmer suddenly humanized.

"Yes—I saved him—and lost—myself. Perhaps God will know and take this into account. Forgive me."

"What! For saving my boy's life?"

"No." There was a brief death agony, then a look of peace as life's latest breath drifted with the words: "I would have been a murderer if I had let him die in the flames—that my—hand—kindled!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Children's Enemy.

Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip disease, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this case of disease, Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.



THE LATEST NEW SONG—AFTER THE BALL.

For Mental Depression.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. I. C. S. Turner, Colfax, Ia., says: "I am very much pleased with it in mental depression from gastric troubles."

Journalistic Caricatures.

It was said of a politician who flourished in New York a quarter of a century ago, that he gave very little what people said or papers printed of him, but that he was exceedingly sensitive to caricature and the ridicule expressed in the illustrated papers of his day.

Comparatively few people seem to realize what a wonderfully effective weapon judiciously managed caricature is. It is almost safe to assert that any needed reform may be brought about more quickly by means of properly handled caricature than in any other way. But to be the most effective, it must be not too broad. It should be suggestive rather than aggressive, and must stop short of anything approaching the license that would dis-

please the warden.

"I hope he'll read the writing on the wall and recognize the tramp's hand. I hope he'll—it's working!"

He saw a thin spiral of smoke rising like a crooked forefinger from the roof of the barn. The farmer sitting now with his back turned did not see it.

The tramp watched it and smiled as Cain

gust the observer. The strength of caricature lies in its truthfulness and in the clear way in which it is presented to the eye. Caricature for partisan or personal ends is rarely as successful as when it is enlisted in the cause of some much needed reform, for it is not well understood, and politically it appeals only to a limited number of persons. When it strikes at abuse, something that needs general reform, everybody understands it and everybody appreciates it; then let it be truthful, clear, and to the point, and it is an almost irresistible force.

Good caricaturists are few, and the best of them have for the most part been guilty of the most offensive partisanship. They have lost sight not alone of truthfulness but of common decency in their delineations. The young artist who desires to take up this form of illustrating will do well never for one moment to lose sight of the fact that the higher the moral tone of his work the more acceptable it will be and the more effective. The arrows of low caricature fall almost powerless, while the truth brought out in such a way is a keen as a two-edged sword.

If more of this sort of journalism were available and its judicious handling were better understood, very many of the abuses that now afflict the human family might be put an end to. That such service, well performed, is appreciated is evident in the case of an English caricaturist who has recently been knighted as recognition of his talents, and of him it may be said that the strength of his work was its truthfulness; that he was never unreasonably partial to a friend, or unjustly severe to an enemy. He caricatured situations rather than people, bringing in the public characters of the day more as figures in a grouping than as objects for his keenest satire.

It would be well for younger and less experienced artists to learn a lesson from such careers.

It would, indeed, be well always to remember that the successful wars are waged, not against persons, but against conditions.

An individual has his supporters, he is ever so dishonorable or unjust. A public abuse, while it may benefit a few, does so in a way that makes it difficult for even its most enthusiastic supporters long to sustain it when opposed by honest, keen satire and truthful and trenchant arguments.—New York Ledger.

A Good Nerve for Shaving.

A warden, who had been very successful in controlling criminals in more than one penal institution, once had a prisoner confined under his control who said that he would kill him at the first opportunity. The warden said nothing, but the next afternoon, when he had an hour's leisure, sent for the man.

"Bill," let us call him, found the warden strapping his razor.

"Oh, Bill, is that you?" he exclaimed.

"Well, never mind, can you shave?"

The man replied that he had often shaved his companions.

"All right; suppose I see what kind of barber you are."

With that he took a seat in his chair, handed the criminal a razor, and was shaved. Bill went faithfully through his duty, and when he had finished the warden said, "They told me you were watching for a chance to kill me, so I thought I would give you as good a chance as you could ask for; that was all."

Bill slunk sheepishly away, and from thence the warden had no firmer friend than the desperate criminal.

Glad Somebody "Fit."

"Out in California in the early days of the war," said Judge Wallace of San Francisco, in an uptown hotel, "there was a good deal of restlessness and a feverish impatience on the part of the people that something decisive should be done. Public meetings were of frequent occurrence, and oratory was at a premium.

"I shall never forget one of these assemblies, where the speaker of the day was a young fellow from an Eastern college and surrounded with Greek and Latin quotations. He hadn't got very far along with his address when he lagged in an old Roman saw that, freely translated, meant nothing is done except by heroic effort.

"'Nihil fit,' he began, and then repeated the words with great emphasis, 'nihil fit,' but that was as far as he got, for at this point a burly fellow, who wasn't up in the classics, threw his hat into the air and yelled: 'Bully for nihil!' The crowd yelled 'bully for nihil,' and the collegian was too rattled to proceed."—Washington Post.

Her Marks of Recognition.

"Now, Lisette," said the mistress to her housemaid, "how often have I told you to light the hall lamp at the proper time, else you cannot see who comes in and know whom to announce!"

"Oh! please, ma'am," the girl replied. "I know all the regular visitors, even in the dark. I can tell who they are by certain signs, Alderman F—steps in quite softly, mutters 'Good evening,' and hangs up his waterproof without taking any further notice of me. The doctor says first thing: 'Well, how are you?' and feels my pulse. The music-master whistles a lively tune and gives me a hearty shake of the hand. The curate bows two or three times, because he is short-sighted, and isn't quite sure whom he is addressing. The professor walks in without saying a word, stands a while absorbed in thought, and then gets me to help him off with his top-coat. The surveyor squeezes my hand so hard as to make me scream; and the young lawyer—hum (blushes), he—I can also make out who he is every time."—Le Petit Meridional.

A Surprise for the Sovereign-Giver.

The following amusing story is told of an English nobleman recently deceased. The Duke was once in church when a collection was announced for some charitable object.

The plate began to go round, and the Duke carefully put his hand in his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him ready to be transferred to the plate.

Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing

this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin. This was too much for his Grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first.

His Grace quietly added another florin, which was capped by another sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the Duke's donation, and then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The Duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns, ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, and then turned defiantly toward his rival, as he would say, "I think that takes the shine out o' you."

Fancy his chagrin when the Duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate, and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket.—Til-Bits.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original material, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupon are not studied.

Toors.—You are kind, compassionate, fond of society, rather bright, disengaged, and good-tempered, somewhat fond of romance, with gentle and quiet ways, and some taste, love of beauty and a light but firm will.

END.—I cannot give you a recipe which I will warrant to prevent your hair from falling out. Perhaps it needs a stimulant, or you yourself are debilitated. La grippe left some of its victims in a very wicked condition. You are lucky if it only weakened your hair. I have a friend who simply rubbed coal oil well into her scalp twice a week and got wonder for her hair thereby. A very little on the tips of the fingers will rub in. This tonic is not at all oily.

J. M. D.—Tell your best girl you are not a bad sort of a fellow. Somewhat original, energetic and fond of yourself, as well as of her. You have good will power, some ambition, a liking for motion and good times, are able to accommodate yourself to circumstances, disengaged in speech, rather off-hand in manner, a little apt to resent and grow hot over a slight, by no means a perfect philosopher, but a good stirring boy, able to carry out large-sized ideas if you get a chance.

V. C. J.—Your second

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$2.00
Six Months..... 1.00
Three Months..... 50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), Proprietary.

VOL. VII TORONTO, AUG. 12, 1893. [No. 38]

"Saturday Night" Out of Town.

Are you going to the mountains, the sea-shore or to Muskoka this summer? Wherever you go you can have your favorite paper. SATURDAY NIGHT is mailed to any address in Canada or United States for 20c. a month; to foreign addresses 25c. a month.

The Story of an Hour.

IT is grey dawn of autumn morning; all the city lies quiet; the figures which have flitted from shadow to shadow, soiled lilies of the night, are gone. The sound of revelry in the fashionable West End houses is hushed. Here and there a faint rumble of wheels takes a traveler to his home or his train. In half an hour more the costers carts, the milk wagons, the hundred odd city noises will wake. But just now everything is in a temporary lull. A door opens, and a woman steps quickly out into the silent street. She has on the plain blue gown, the quaint bonnet, the red hand of the Salvation Corps; she has sat all night beside a fading, dying child, and she takes one long breath of the fresh air to clear her lungs of the close odours of the grimy sickroom. She is young and strong, and on her face is a curious look, a brightness. Her lips move softly in a prayer, and a smile hovers round them, as she steps lightly and swiftly along. Such a good face, such a beautiful face, with delicate arched brows, long lashes, straight nose and tender, sensitive lips. A trifle pale from watching, but with a certain look of buoyancy and health of happy contentment. As she flits through a dark passage she nearly falls over a man and a woman who are crouched in a small recess. The woman curses her. She stops and says quietly, in tones of exquisite sweetness and sympathy, "God bless and save you, my sister."

The man turns sharply at the sound of her voice, but she is gone.

"Alice, by thunder!" he gasps, and darts after her, followed by the loathsome woman still cursing.

She and they go on and on like three shades in the gray dawn. The woman in front in her quaint bonnet, with her light tread keeping well ahead, unconscious of her pursuers. Presently she stops and takes a latch-key from her pocket, also a tiny bottle of chloroform which she had brought away for fear of accidents to her patients.

"I must go very gently," she said smiling, "not to wake my dear. He has had a long day yesterday, and will need his sleep!"

A tiny wedding ring flashes on her left hand as she stands feeling with her finger for the keyhole, and smiling and whispering "God bless him, God bless him, my good man!" Suddenly a grimy hand comes out of the dusk and catches that groping finger, and a hoarse breathless voice says:

"So my wench, I've treed ye at last!"

The woman leaps back, her eyes starting, her face peering.

"Who, what?" she gasps, and then suddenly "Oh, my God!"

"Eh!" says the breathless voice. "Don't ye know me, yer man? What yer doin' in them holiness togs? Do you live 'ere?"

Still no word from the woman, but by a sudden twist she gets her hand free and puts it to her face.

"Ain't glad to see me, Alice! Come, speak up, woman."

Slowly she finds her voice, "I thought you were killed in the accident."

"No such luck," says the breathless voice harshly. "Ere I am, a poor devil needing a woman to take care on 'im. Come, open the door, and let's go in."

"You cannot come in here. It is the army lodging, and only the soldiers are allowed in," she says, in a low voice.

"Blow me, but you're prettier than ever," said the man, heartily. "Well, we'll go elsewhere. I am not agoin' ter lose ye, now I've found ye, my wench!"

"I must go in. I've been nursing all night, and am tired. Come here at noon time and can tell me your plans."

"What if ye ain't 'ere?"

"I will be here. Did you ever know me to lie?"

"Bust me if I did. You're a straight 'un! Noon be it then. Say, Alice, if I warn't so slouchy I'd ask ye to kiss me!"

"At noon," she said slowly, turning the key in the lock and flitting suddenly in.

The man took down the number and the street on a dirty card, and then turning fiercely to the waiting mumbly creature in the street, threw her a shilling and bade her begone. The hall was dark, but Alice slipped noiselessly along, up the uncarpeted spotless stairs, and softly opened a numbered door where a faint glimmer of light came from the low turned gas jet; a daintily neat room, a few pretty pictures on the wall, a white cover on the stand, a bible open on it, and on the bible a slip of paper, with three words written in a fair clerky hand: "Goodnight, dear wife." Alice gently turned on the gas, adjusting the shade so that the light fell but dimly on the snowy expanse of the bed where a man lay sleeping soundly.

Ah, how changed she was in the growing

light, this Alice who five short minutes ago stood at the closed door, fumbling and smiling and whispering. Her eyes were staring agast at the cruel trick Fate had played her. Her face was wan and haggard with a voiceless agony. Her brow had three horizontal furrows as she strained her brain to realize all the last five minutes had done. She sat noiselessly down and looked at the figure on the bed, a spare, delicate creature, with straggling fair hair, scant moustache, thin limbs and attenuated features. She thought back, of the night he had found her, desperate from famine, reckless from loneliness, on her first midnight plunge into the city's, foul ways, how she had dared to address him, and how he had said quickly. "Come, you are hungry, come and eat and drink." And starving, famished, frozen, she had followed him, not caring why or whither. How he had given her warm milk, and from somewhere a shrouding cloak, and then meat and bread and more warm milk, and how, when her senses returned, she had shrunk in horror at her wickedness. How he had gently said, "I don't believe you are bad, only friendless, my girl. Come, I will find you another girl, my sister, at our home." How she had refused, confessed, and only found for reply his gentle invitation, "Come to my sister, you will feel safe with her!" How she had gone, and how safe they had kept her, until her saviour had asked her to be his wife. Then of the few sweet weeks since, while they two, in the garb of the Salvation corps had worked and fought for those desperate poor of London: of the joy of being together; of the blessed self-denial of separation, as on this night, when one nursed and prayed and the other went, as of old, into those reeking, wicked streets of east London, and saved one here and there in the same plight as had once been hers. She had not been able to do enough, to love enough, to whisper enough her gratitude and her praise, as she sped here and there, strong, happy, beautiful. And now, oh Christ! what could she do—now that the terrible wheel had turned to her undoing! She knew she could not stay here, here with this reverenced creature, who was not any more her husband—whose child already quick within her, was nameless, whose great heart and puny body had taken her to them with love that was pure, and boundless, but who would shrink from the touch of her hand did he know what had happened ten minutes ago! Her brain reeled, she pressed her hands upon her temples, a sudden faintness seized her; then she sat up, her hand closed, and in it was the tiny bottle she had brought for fear of mishance from the sick child's bedside. A sudden thought broke through the chaos of her mind: sudden, mad and senseless, but she was in pitiless strait. Slowly she uncorked the tiny phial and slowly swallowed the colorless contents—then with a slow step and deliberate motion she took off her clothes, drew on her plain white night-gown, turned out the light and laid down beside the sleeping man. He stirred, groped for her, threw one arm over her and faintly pressed her. She lay still, it was all she could do to spare him. She did not pray, all her thoughts were concentrated on living quite still. She never moved again. G. E. D.

Why She Didn't Die.

The Tale of a Thrilling Rescue in an Editor's Highly Upholstered Office.

The Editor.

Dramatis Personae:

The Author.

The Heroine.

Editor—Let's hear something about the plot of your story, old man. What style is it?

Author—Well—oh—ah—it's about a girl.

Editor—Exactly; you fellows wouldn't write a story about the sex you have some chance of understanding—not for a dollar.

Author—Yes; I think I see myself wasting your time, old man. What style is it?

Editor—Not much. Do you suppose my readers want any lovely corpse, with her true breast fuller of bullets than lungs, lying on the grass in the last chapter? [Here he opens the door in answer to a gentle knock, and the heroine comes in. He places a chair for her.]

Heroine—You were discussing me, I believe? I would much rather die, you know, when Oscar's dead.

Author (testily)—My dear child, you haven't any head for chronology. Oscar dies at least thirty seconds after you do.

Editor (soothingly)—Never you mind, dear. Oscar's not going to die at all.

Heroine (radiantly)—Oh, in that case I should like to live.

Author—Ungrateful girl: when I'd give you the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers; but few art critics err on the side of leniency, which, after all, is perhaps just as well for the artist. Several of the classes were not awarded prizes, or only second prizes, when the quality of the exhibits so justified. The professionals have shown a decided disposition to shirk the drawing from the cast and life in black and white. They paint with a full palette and in broad masses giving strength and balance to their subjects. The work of Miss Logan, another Toronto student and a successful competitor in '92, has not yet arrived, and the display is this year without her charming studies in blues and grays. Mr. J. A. Radford, O. S. A., of Toronto, acted as judge. He, perhaps, expected too much of so young a province in measuring the exhibits by the critical standards prevalent in more settled art centers

Summer Resort.
TO COUSIN HULLY.
misgivin' great
roll of late.
I admired
dred;
convicted of his
church's dockterin.
Zara Burr,
France lecturer,
took a heap;
would make a tin
is Wobbler's eye,
en tempest with
all the beautches

girls and green
giddy thong
short an' long,
impudent clothes
lan'rous,
and 'neath rocks
s with bluses.
feature here,
n' keg of beer.
was dressed up to
sandy hill,
perosedin's rash,
there's a mash.
air playin' games
er ben at school,
lugs" they'd got
clocks was gone,
along the shore;
Joshua's rose.
the good man's
carrossin' ways.
orayum trees,
chaste an' plow

er from a jug,
any a lovin' bug,
agreed to be his
milk the cows,
aked home to tes,
the erbout a tree,
a gall surprise
y tattalin'."
t gay and sinful
fall from grace.
tree,
cud be.
en of many sins,
they call "ten
ear the lake,
by mistake.
own a sandy hill,
got a frutiful
ker day and an'
tive.
t sinful spot,
with our lot.
VALD G. UBLAY.

9.

10:

11:

12:

13:

14:

15:

16:

17:

18:

19:

20:

21:

22:

23:

24:

25:

26:

27:

28:

29:

30:

31:

32:

33:

34:

35:

36:

37:

38:

39:

40:

41:

42:

43:

44:

45:

46:

47:

48:

49:

50:

51:

52:

53:

54:

55:

56:

57:

58:

59:

60:

61:

62:

63:

64:

65:

66:

67:

68:

69:

70:

71:

72:

73:

74:

75:

76:

77:

78:

79:

80:

81:

82:

83:

84:

85:

86:

87:

88:

89:

90:

91:

92:

93:

94:

95:

96:

97:

98:

99:

100:

101:

102:

103:

104:

105:

106:

107:

108:

109:

110:

111:

112:

113:

114:

115:

116:

117:

118:

119:

120:

121:

122:

123:

124:

125:

126:

127:

128:

129:

130:

131:

132:

133:

134:

135:

136:

137:

138:

139:

140:

141:

142:

143:

144:

145:

146:

147:

148:

149:

150:

151:

152:

153:

154:

155:

156:

157:

158:

159:

160:

161:

162:

163:

164:

165:

166:

167:

168:

169:

170:

171:

172:

173:

174:

175:

176:

177:

178:

179:

180:

181:

182:

183:

184:

185:

186:

187:

188:

189:

190:

191:

192:

193:

194:

195:

196:

197:

198:

199:

200:

201:

202:

203:

204:

205:

206:

207:

208:

209:

210:

211:

212:

213:

214:

215:

216:

217:

218:

219:

220:

221:

222:

223:

224:

225:

226:

227:

228:

229:

221:

222:

223:

224:

225:

226:

227:

228:

229:

221:

222:

223:

224:

The Fight on the Eagle Springs Road.

On the night of July 29, 1880 General Gresham, commanding 15th United States Cavalry (colored), was personally in a bad fix. Although Victoria was running around wild, the general, with only five or six men all told, had started from the camp near old Fort Quitman, to try to make the supply camp at Eagle Springs, Texas, the center of his line guarding the Rio Grande. The stage outfit traveling faster than the general, overtook and passed him by on the road, and made an announcement to that effect late on the night of the 29th; to the commanding officer at Eagle, who decided that the general needed a somewhat larger escort to bring him to camp.

It was about midnight when the detachment mounted and rode out. The moon had risen, and they had plenty of light for the straight, easy, stage-road leading up the river, westward. The little lieutenant, riding along in front, was probably full of magnificent ambitions, but also it is probable, of still more colossal fears. It was doubtless a distinct comfort to him to look back now and then at the tall, soldierly figure of Sergeant Washington Brown riding immediately behind him, and to observe that Sergeant Brown seemed to approve of the fact that the gait was mostly a trot. It was a distinct relief to everybody when, after eighteen miles, and at about three o'clock a. m., a loud challenge was heard from a hill slightly to the right of the road:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

Probably few individuals have ever received a more wholesouled, universally cordial welcome than G Troop's small outfit received that night. In his first transports, the general was more than agreeable. He had seen hostiles just before sunset, and thoroughly appreciating the situation had gone into camp at once in one of the strongest natural fortifications conceivable. It was an isolated rocky spur or ridge jutting out from the northerly hills into the road, and near its foot was a good tank of water. Two limited and hastily constructed circular redoubts had already been built out of loose stones on the crest of the ridge, and on the plain immediately beneath these, at a convenient distance from the water, was the general's ambulance, and his few horses and mules were tethered to trees sparsely scattered near by.

But of course the general's first transports could not last. After the primary sensations of personal relief were over, his mind turned, with its normal instinctiveness, to the business for which the government was paying him. In a few minutes he wished to know why all the cavalry at Eagle had not come. Two troopers must ride immediately back to Eagle Springs and bring up the whole outfit, and "the whole outfit must come as quick as *sabe* permits." And several recording angels must have been required about that time to wash out with combined tears certain pertinent and emphatic remarks uttered in tones almost distinct enough to reach by sound the high halls where those recorders are supposed to work.

In the meantime the remaining representatives of G Troop dismounted, unsaddled, tied up their horses and proceeded to construct a third little stone redoubt on the ridge's crest, which they finally finished in what they considered superior shape by sunrise.

It was not until nine o'clock that a vedette, posted on the highest peak of the ridge, shouted, in all piercing accents: "They that they come," and then the real excitement began. The general, Adjutant Beatty and the juvenile lieutenant were at breakfast near the ambulance. No breakfast was ever ended more speedily than that breakfast was. Despite his superior age and services, it is extremely probable that Gen. Benjamin Harrison Gresham was the first man to top the summit of the fortified ridge, but it has been stated, and *ex cathedra*, that Adjutant Beatty and the infant second lieutenant were extremely close seconds. And the situation was quite enough to be excited about. Apart from all personal dangers it was quickly realized that the loss of an entire campaign was probable.

"Great Scott!" said the general. "There must be nearly one hundred of them—nearly the whole crowd! Hang it! If those Eagle Springs men were only here! They're sure to get through!"

Beatty used his field-glasses, and thought he could count over ninety hostiles. An enlisted man standing by, looking through another set of glasses, estimated the number as over eighty. The hostiles were then riding, about three miles away, at a right angle to the general's position; but it was soon evident that they spied the location of the small detachment. In a very short time, about twenty to thirty Apaches wheeled to the left, and, as seen through the field-glasses, broke into a gallop and moved directly toward General Gresham's ridge.

The mind of the gallant old soldier went back presumably to old war times. He thought about by-gone days in Mississippi and Louisiana and of the grand raids of which, as most men now say, he can lay equal claim with Stuart and Forrest, as being the immortal inventor; and it must have angered his heart to think of being foiled now by a lot of breech-clout Indians.

"Confound it!" he shouted. "You mounted men get out there and stop those devils! As for those coming toward us, drive them into the Rio Grande!"

Sergeant Washington Brown and Private Samuel Prescott started the yell, and down from the ridge toward their horses picketed below ran ten men of the G Troop detachment, the little second lieutenant as was proper, going along, too, and making a sum total of eleven men.

Adjutant Beatty, cool as usual, called down from his rebout more detailed orders:

"Do the best you can," he said. "If they crowd you too much, dismount and try them on foot. Don't let them get to you; they are too big for you. If they seem bound to come, mount, come back here as quick as you can, and try to draw as many as possible after you."

Sergeant Washington Brown heard the orders quite as well as the lieutenant did, and perhaps understood them much better, and Private Samuel Prescott aided both officer and non-commissioned officer in translating them

to the others of the detachment, while all were shortening stirrups, tightening girths and mounting. In the meantime the twenty or thirty advancing Apaches riding up the stage road were not more than one mile distant. It was not long until, scattered rather irregularly, but still in a sort of column, Brown and his comrades, at first riding at a trot and canter, soon afterward at a full gallop, were speeding down the road to meet them.

The audacity of the charge evidently worried the Apaches. They knew pretty well how small the detachment was, but they could not see over the ridge, and probably considered, this charge a snare, the men plainly to be seen on the crest of the ridge decoys, and that big reinforcements were hidden near by, beyond their sphere of vision. At any rate, that portion of the hostiles hitherto advancing so confidently on the general began to quickly wheel about to the right and left and to scatter in retreat toward their main body. These renegades, moving into the many arroyos bounding both sides of the stage-road, particularly the north side, where the foot-hills are nearer, seemed, with a miraculous celerity, to absolutely disappear. The main body, nor even their dust, although their general direction was guessed, and their distance estimated as still some two miles away, was not visible, on account of the rolling country to the troopers now charging in a species of irregular line and still following the road.

If the Indians had only possessed sufficient nerve to obey the excellent advice of "Br'er Rabbit," to "lay low and say nothing," it is reasonable to conceive that they might easily have killed every soldier of the small detachment; but somebody got too excited, and in a short time a puff of smoke and a sharp report came from an arroyo to the troopers' left front, and something that "sounded as big as a cannon ball," as he afterwards said, passed close by the head of one of the men. More puffs of smoke and more reports of fire-arms followed almost immediately from other scattered localities—all arroyos. There was nothing visible but the smoke nor anything audible but the report of the gun and the whiz of the bullet.

Everybody thought that it was about time to halt. A halt was ordered and each soldier dismounting and leading his horse began to advance towards the inimical arroyos, stopping now and then and shooting at the arroyos and the smoke, so far the only visible enemy. It was, probably, at this time that two horses were hit, but no man was yet touched, and there was too much breezy excitement around to remark horses only slightly wounded. Soon, however, individual Indians began to appear, mounted; speedily disappearing again, into some arroyo or behind some boulder, at safe distances from either flank of the detachment, plainly working around to the detachment's rear, between the soldiers and the ridge.

Just then a startling fusillade was heard well to the right front.

"Them's the Eagle Springs boys, fellers," shouted the sergeant. "Lieutenant let's mount and get to them."

And the detachment mounted and trotted over a low rise in the prairie, a short distance away, toward the sound of the firing. After passing the rise it was easy enough to see that the Eagle Springs contingent was indeed in full blast, some were wheeling into what is now called "action left," while others were coming into line into the present "action left" front.

It was the latter body who first made out Sergeant Brown's detachment, and naturally mistaking the group for Indians, poured into them a collective volley. The detachment should have been wiped from the face of the earth, but the bullets, somehow, whirled by harmlessly—disaster, doubtless, being averted by long range and by the everywhere prevalent mental agitation. Firing came also into the detachment from hostiles on right and left, nearer than the soldiers' erring friends, but not now at close range; and looking back toward the ridge it could be seen that quite a number of hostiles had successfully worked around to the rear and were closing up. It was then, and just after Private Simon made the distinctly audible remark: "Look ahere, gentlemen, this here thing is simply awful; we ain't got no friends nowhere," that the last clause of Beatty's instructions was remembered, and orders were given for the detachment to wheel around, charge through the Indians in rear, and get back to the ridge.

Private Samuel Prescott was not only one of the last men to obey the order, but it was observed that his horse moved more slowly than those of his comrades. It is probable that his horse was also wounded with the other two during the earlier period of the fight, although that fact, not noted at the time, can now never be known. But the Indians noticed that Prescott was lagging behind, and when they gave away from the front of the charging troopers and fell back on both flanks, riding parallel with the retreating men and shooting into them, six—counted—Apaches seemed to consider it their special duty to take in Private Samuel Prescott.

To regain the ridge, the detachment had now to ride rather more than two and one-half miles. Their pursuers certainly numbered three to one. However, carbine or rifle bullets fired from a horse in motion are generally accidental when they hit, and no accidents occurred, fortunately, until the soldiers were about seven hundred yards from the haven of General Gresham's small redoubts. Then some lucky hostile brought down and killed Private Prescott's horse, the horse dropping stone dead, and sending Prescott flying into the air. By another lucky accident Prescott fortunately struck the ground on that anatomical portion of the Afro-American usually considered the least vulnerable, and, although he'd dropped and lost his carbine, he was not stunned, no bones were broken, and by a marvelous somersault he bounded, as it were, directly upon his feet. It was impossible for his comrades to give him immediate help. Horses were almost beyond control. The humming Indian bullets, the noise of the troopers' pistols fired in return, the smell of powder, seemed to render each horse positively frantic. Nor, on account of the approaching cavalrymen, could fire

assistance be rendered to Prescott in the first instance by the few men in the redoubts.

But Private Samuel Prescott still had his pistol buckled to his belt, and knew fairly well how to use it. Despite his hard fall, he was quite ready for work as soon as he felt himself on his legs.

"First thing I thought was," he was overheard to say, later, to a friend, "that I never was again to see old Tennessee again, and I started to run like a black-tail deer. Then I thought of that there pistol, and after I run about thirty yards I drew her out and turned around and fired into them fellers. Then I run again some way, all the time watching this ridge, you bet, and I turned again and fired that second shot you heard. Then I run again and turn again, and did that twice, and got in two other shots before Adjutant Beatty; he opened on them from the ridge."

The six hostiles following him got so close to Prescott that one actually tried to rope him with a lariat. But by strict adherence to his plucky tactics, Prescott, by only his own personal efforts, kept them at bay during a footrace for life of at least two hundred yards. Adjutant Beatty opened fire in his aid at the earliest possible opportunity, and the few of his mounted friends who could at last stop their horses wheeled about as soon as possible to charge to his rescue.

And then, having emptied the remaining two chambers of his revolver in the direction of the now fleeing Apaches, Private Samuel Prescott—a little the worse for wear, being minus a horse, a carbine and a hat, and with a highly respectable bullet furrow along the entire palm of his left hand, but not otherwise harmed—walked leisurely but proudly up into the miniature redoubts on the ridge's crest, and received the congratulations of every soldier present.

◆◆◆◆◆

A Good Sell.

Captain Whelin was an excellent volunteer officer, and because of this at the close of our late war he received a Lieutenant's commission in the regular army and since then has won his way to the command of a company.

Captain Whelin is an Irishman and like all his countrymen he dearly loves a joke. Some time since the captain was stationed in a Western fort, which was commanded by Major Phillips of the same regiment.

The major is a martinet, and his personal dignity and self-importance are so marked as to make him an object of ridicule when his back is turned and an object of contempt at all times.

Captain Whelin, like all his brother officers, cordially dislikes the major and lets slip no opportunity of taking him down when it can be done without a visitation of military discipline. The Captain had been to Leavenworth, where there is a home for disabled volunteer soldiers, and on his return he met the Major at the Post Club, where the latter was telling how he had won battles which others claimed the glory of. Suddenly Whelin said:

"I saw a man over at Leavenworth who'd give the world to kick you."

"Kick me!" shouted the Major. "I demand your name, sir!"

"I don't like to tell you," said the tormentor.

"But I demand his name!" persisted the bellicose Major.

"Well, if you insist on knowing—but, mark you, Major, it must go no further—the man was—"

"Who? Who?"

"Don't be in a hurry, Major. The man was old S'gtant Billy Waters of the First Artillery, who lost both his legs at Atlanta by the explosion of a shell. Faith, he'd give all he has, or hopes to have, to be able to kick anybody!"—*Chicago Sun and Voice*.

Remnants of William.

Andy Rohan, chief of the police bureau of identification, tells a good story. Rohan is one of the best posted men in the department on criminal history.

"I met a thief," says Andy, "whom I had not seen for a long time."

"'Hullo, Jim,' says I, 'Waere have you been for so long? What has become of your partner?'

"'Well, I tell ye, Andy,' the thief replied, 'You know Chicago ain't been any too healthy for me. Poor old Bill!'

"What has become of Bill?'

"'De last I see of Bill, Andy, was an arm. I'll tell ye how it was. Me and Bill and another pal went down to a little town in Ohio to do a job. De store was owned by an old feller who banked pretty nearly all de money in de town. He run a hardware store and such like, and it was dead easy. Bill an' me other pal went inside while I piped off on de outside. De boys found a ghost all right and went to wuk and drilled her. De lads filled her up wid powder and stepped around behind de safe ter wait for de explosion. Oh, my! oh, me! oh, my!" and the thief shook his head dolefully.

"'Well, how about it?' I questioned curiously.

"'Well, yer see, Andy, de ole feller dat run de shop was a stingsy bloke and ter save de insurance rates on de store he didn't say nothing 'bout it and put dynamite in his safe. De last I seen of me pal was an arm goin' ter de roof, Andy. When de racket was over I found myself sittin' in a cornfield out to de edge of the town. Dat was the last I seen of Bill, Andy.'—*Chicago Mail*.

◆◆◆◆◆

A Close Call.

"Time I was out in Colorado," said the man with the ginger beard, "I was chased by the Indians into a cave, and had to stay there three months without anything to eat." Here the man with the ginger beard looked round defiantly, expecting someone to doubt his assertion, but as no one spoke he continued: "I s'pose I would ha' starved if it hadn't been for my wife and family back East. Whenever I would git to thinkin' of them, a big lump would rise right up in my throat; and by swallerin' that I kep' myself from starvin'."

The Earth Is Shrinking.

Sir Edwin Arnold in one of his recent letters

says: "The world we live in is becoming sadly

monotonous as it shrinks year by year to

smaller and smaller dimensions under the



A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) *Register*, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired, and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

ATKINSON'S

Parisian Tooth Paste

Whitens the TEETH and Sweetens the Breath

The Most Agreeable Dentifrice in Use



FINEST STOCK IN CANADA

50c. TO \$1 PER DOZEN

Carnations, Sweet Peas, Smilax and other Cut Flowers. Floral designs and wedding orders filled on shortest notice.

H. DALE

238 Yonge Street Telephone 783

MARTIN McMILLAN

GROCER

Tel. 641 431 Yonge St

NEW SEASON'S JAPAN TEAS

JUST TO HAND.

FINE NEW BLACK TEAS

Special value. Also full lines of

INDIAN AND CEYLON TEAS

MARTIN McMILLAN, 431 Yonge St.

rapid movement provided by limited passenger trains and swift ocean steamships."

The New York Central, by the introduction of its Empire State express, has perhaps to a greater degree than any other force on this continent, aided this shrinking process. It is now possible, by taking this fastest train in the world, to breakfast leisurely at your home or hotel in New York, and dine in Buffalo or Niagara Falls, almost 450 miles away, at your usual hour. Toronto people can leave Union Station at 7:30 a. m. and connect with this train at Buffalo, reaching New York the same evening at 10:30. Apply by mail to Edison J. Weeks, general agent New York Central, Buffalo, N. Y., for copy of one of the Four Track Series.

A Slight Error.

An uptown church has recently undergone great alterations, and during the course of the work

August 12, 1893

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

Cricket Notes.



NE of the most enjoyable places to play cricket in is Grimsby. The pitch is good, or was on Saturday last, the ground is beautifully situated and the Grimsby club is composed of a fine, jovial set of fellows, whose love for the game does not prevent them from fraternizing with their visitors and entertaining them hospitably.

Add to these factors of enjoyment the presence of a large number of ladies and you will agree that in Grimsby the "Cricket's lot is a happy one." East Toronto visited this place on Saturday and very deservedly got a drubbing. Only six men turned up and the team had to be recruited by Grimsby men. A turn out like this does not reflect any credit on the club and shows a disgraceful want of *esprit de corps* among the numbers of the organization. The secretary is in no way to blame, the fault resting entirely with the players, who do not take enough interest in the game or the prestige of their club to care whether their reputation suffers or not. If once a club gets the name of being unreliable, other clubs will think twice before they enter into arrangements with them for matches. Another thing is that bad feeling is engendered not only between clubs but also between the numbers of the same club.

"If so-and-so had turned up we could have made a better show," is a frequent remark on occasions of this kind and unkind feeling towards those who have failed in the hour of need are pretty sure to arise when some one says, as a Grimsby inhabitant did, "I say, captain, next time you come up and are short, send us a wire beforehand and we'll drum up some players for you." No club objects to a thrashing in a good game, but all players dislike being beaten through faults which are easily avoided and where it is not a question of skill. When Grimsby put their best eleven into the field they should be hard to beat, and the Toronto clubs will do well to remember this fact when the men from the fruit country come down next month for three days cricket.

Laing and Wadsworth did some tall bowling against the Fort in the second innings of the military men, and Laing's analysis stands as the record so far this season. How Toronto allowed the Fort to beat them is another matter which is not easily accounted for and must be put down to the eccentricities of the fickle goddess. Fortune is perhaps tired of smiling on the T.C.C. The defeat by Guelph was well merited, and shows the folly of undervaluing opponents. Doubtless Toronto thought they could whip Guelph with one hand, a theory which Guelph knocked into a hundred and thirteen pieces.

Le Roy and Snyder saved East Toronto from a moral defeat on Saturday. Both men played very good cricket, Snyder showing some of the form which erstwhile obtained him a place on the International eleven, while his big partner proved to be a tower of strength in the hour of need. The 49 added by these two men placed East Toronto beyond the certainty of defeat as the game being played to a finish. If public form counts for anything any club which does not make at least 70 against Parkdale has but a poor chance of victory as the western men have an average total considerably above that figure. It was a pity that rain prevented the match being played out. S. W. Black, who went on as a change bowler, secured 4 wickets for 4 runs. He always bowls well. Both clubs have made an acquisition to their strength of late. Snyder of East Toronto is a good, fast, round arm bowler, who would have been very useful at Hamilton, and when battoning his is a hard wicket to get. Turnbull, who has lately joined Parkdale, is an old Pickering player, and is perhaps the fastest bowler in Toronto, with a knack of changing his speed without altering his delivery. He is a free, but not sure, bat. On Saturday he was playing against the Fort for the Gordon McKay eleven—he being a clerk in that house—and scored 21. In his last previous match he scored 17, not out. He and Humphries put up 36 out of the 57, two others made 11, and there were 8 extras and five ducks. The Fort looked as if they were in for a big score, losing only 4 wickets for 66 runs, Cooper and Anderson 21, not out, and 14 not out, Todd 13. The Fort is doing good work this summer in the interests of cricket, and it is greatly to be hoped that the military club has a long era of prosperity before it.

Brantford appears to be drinking deep of the bitters of defeat. They did not show up very well against Rosedale, and now Paris has walked over them. But if a club has the right material in it a defeat should always be turned to good account. Much can be learned from the game of opponents, and if faulty cricket ever comes to light it is in a match when pitted against men who know how to take advantage of every apparent fault and have a knack of discovering weaknesses. It is to be regretted that the Hamilton v. Toronto match is off, as those who take an interest in the composition of the International eleven were looking forward to this week's cricket when the crack clubs of Ontario would be seen and the game of the leading players could be watched and compared. But I hear the match will take place on Monday. London Asylum played three matches here this week, and in next issue I shall give my carefully considered conclusions about the crack players of that club.

The annual At Home of the Parkdale Cricket Club will take place this (Saturday) afternoon on the Exhibition grounds. This is always a most pleasant affair, the friends of the club turning out in large numbers. To day was chosen for the concert by the Grenadier Band at Exhibition Park, and the cricket club took advantage of that fact to have music for their At Home. A match will be played between the Old Country and Canadian members of the club, and this game is creating more interest than any other fixture of the season. Refresh-

ments will be served to the guests of the day and a good social time provided.

I here insert a letter received by the editor. Dr. Yeomane did not intend it for publication, but he will forgive me for using it as an illustration of the general feeling among cricketers throughout the province with regard to a cricket weekly:

Editor Saturday Night.

Dear Sir,—I think it was in your Cricket Notes, some time ago, that I saw mention of the publication of a Canadian cricket paper in Toronto. Will you kindly furnish me with the address of any such publisher or the address of anyone who may have such intention. I am sure such a paper would find ready sale amongst the rapidly increasing "cricket cranks" of Ontario and would be indeed valuable in the interests of the game generally.

Yours truly,
HORACE A. THOMAS.

I may say that it is a well known member of the Toronto Cricket Club who is going into the enterprise. He finds it too late in the season to float the publication this year, but will get everything in readiness to come out early next summer. There is a free masonry about the grand old game that will cause cricketers everywhere to come enthusiastically to the support of such a paper.

Trying It On.

"Is Mr. Saunders MacPherson in?"

"It is my name, sir."

"Ah! I am Doctor Wilgus Williams. Possibly you have heard of me as head surgeon of the New Utrecht Hospital. No? I have made some hazardous operations there with excellent results, and I suppose that is the reason why your employers and associates have entrusted me with a little commission, so to call it, with reference to yourself."

"But I am wanting no surgeons, sir."

"Excuse me; they claim that you do. In fact, I have been asked by them to come and perform an operation on you."

"My employers bade you do that? It is incredible!"

"Not at all. Allow me to come in and explain? Thank you. May I put my instrument case on this table? Never mind the bag; that is only for the sponges—for blood and ether, you know."

"Excuse me for a minute." Mr. MacPherson, rather pale and shaky, retired behind a screen and breathed hard. When he came out he also breathed spirits. A little of his color had come back and he had assumed an air half defiant, half conciliatory. "I never knew," said he, "such an amazing piece of interference with the private rights of a man as this. In my own country, sir, a man is allowed the liberty to choose his own surgical operations. But if, as you say, my employers desire it, I will at least listen to what you have to say regarding it."

"Well, it is this, and pardon me for speaking frankly: You cannot understand a joke."

Mr. MacPherson dropped into thought for a while, but he seemed to feel easier afterward: "And are they not through dinging that most measly statement into the ears of the people?" he asked.

"They say that your inability to see anything funny in their conversation throws a gloom over the whole place, and when you go to them and ask to have their humorous things explained to you, it takes a great deal of their time. In justice to them, as well as out of consideration to yourself, they beg that you will undergo a little pain for the sake of a great deal of pleasure and benefit that will come after."

"But, my heavens man, what for?"

"Surely, you know that a Scotchman cannot understand a joke without undergoing a surgical operation."

"'Tis a senseless statement, sir. I have a brother who not only takes *Punch*, but once wrote a very pretty witicism for it. Let me see: it was like this: 'Why is a—Why is a—strange that I should forget it, for it was very amusing.'

The other man shuddered in his turn, but he looked relieved when he found the Scotchman's memory had a flaw in it. "Come," he said sternly, "we may as well begin."

"You're surely not expecting—"

"Oh, yes, indeed. But it's a simple operation. It can be performed without your know-

ing it, and we hope that after it is done you will be able to laugh at all the bright things that are said in your place of business, and even to say some yourself. Just think of what you have missed."

"But I shall resist it, sir."

"What, the joking?"

"But, then, you never were anything else but serious. Come, sir, a little excision of the pectoral to secure liberty for the duller oblique and a little traction on the humerus—that's all."

"I never will submit to it, sir. I'll have in the police. My employers are taking a most unwarrantable course, sir. I was not hired for purposes of vivisection. Besides, who could understand such jokes as they make in that office?"

"Ha, ha! That's not so bad for a Scotchman. Now, if you will lie down on this table for about ten minutes and breathe through this sponge you will soon be able to do better. I will call my assistant."

"No, no! I'll not allow it. This is outrageous."

"You refuse?"

"Absolutely."

"Then I may as well confess that this was all in fun."

"What was in fun, sir?"

"Why, this—my coming here—my proposing to have an operation on you—it's all a joke."

"What is a joke?"

"Why, as I said, this whole thing. I am no physician. The case there is full of comic papers."

"How dare you come here on such a piece of pretence?"

"Your friends in the office said to me yesterday 'Saunders MacPherson was never known to make a joke in his life. Now you go and make one so plain that he can't help seeing it.'"

"Then why didn't you do it, instead of coming here and threatening and worrying?"

"But that is the joke, I tell you."

"What is?"

"Of all the dull—see here: You'll have to submit to that operation after all."

"But you said you were not a doctor. You have told a deliberate falsehood, sir. I can hardly find it in me to excuse my employers, or you either, sir."

"I'm not doctor enough for this."

"You may tell my employers that I am in the best of health and have a plentiful understanding of humor. To prove it, now, I'll tell you the witicism that was in *Punch*. It was in 1854. 'Why is my boot equal—'

The bogus doctor had started to fly. He was impelled from the door into the street. Mr. MacPherson closed the door and chuckled: "I wonder whom the joke is on." —*Life.*

Muddling the Money-Lender.

A London reporter, when in the country last summer, wanted to borrow some money of a plain, good-natured farmer, with whom he dined after an agricultural meeting.

"I want to borrow six pounds," he said, "until I reach London."

The farmer had only three pounds, and the reporter said:

"Well, I wish you would owe me the other three pounds, and we'll settle up when I come down again."

When the day of settlement came, the farmer was befogged by this conversation.

The farmer said, "You owe me three pounds, don't you?"

"Certainly, I do," was the reply.

"Well, will you pay me?"

"Well, my dear fellow, I think our account is about square. I wanted to borrow six pounds, you remember. You let me have three pounds, and said you'd owe me the other three pounds. Now, then, you haven't paid that three pounds, and, consequently, still owe it to me. I owe you three pounds, and if you will give me the three pounds you owe me, I will instantly pay you the three pounds I owe you. Nothing could be fairer than that. I think."

The farmer pondered, and has not got out of his reverie yet.—*Tit-Bits.*

As He Understands It.



"Oh, Charlie! I almost wish I were not rich. I am afraid you would not love me if the money should go."

"At any rate, it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." —*Life.*

JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND STOUT

Visitors to the World's Fair

ALE AND STOUT

Will find these reliable brands of pure

on sale at all the leading hotels, restaurants, clubs and refreshment rooms in

CHICAGO.

Families supplied by C. JEVNE & CO., 110-112 Madison Street, Chicago.

ASK FOR THEM

Brewery at London, Ont., Canada

SUMMER RESORTS.

The Iroquois House

BEAULIEU MOUNTAINS

ST. HILAIRE, P. Q.

Canada's Lovely Summer Resort

OPEN JUNE 1ST

New Management, New Rates, New Buildings

For rooms apply to—

OLIVER MERCHANT, Manager,

Or 156 St. James St., Montreal.

HOTEL LOUISE, LORNE PARK

NOW OPEN

G. O. H. Orchestra Wednesday & Saturday

REDUCED RATES FOR JUNE

For rates apply to—

E. PATTERSON,

Lorne Park, Ont.

THE PENETANGUISHENE

Canada's Great Summer Resort

The 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, 577 feet above sea level, 15 acres of Waterlade Park.

Four hours from Toronto. Through Pullman car 8:30 a.m. For terms, &c., address THE SECRETARY, "The Penetanguishene," Penetanguishene, Ont., Canada.

STEPHENSON HOUSE

AND

Saline Mineral Springs and Baths

Under the management of Mr. C. V. WARD.

ST. CATHARINES - - - CANADA

Send for illustrated descriptive pamphlet.

Peninsular Park Hotel

BARRIE

Situated on Lake Simcoe, only 60 miles ride by G. T. R.

Under the management of MR. S. BARNETT

Toronto Board of Trade, Toronto.

It is appointed with every modern convenience and improvement. Electric lighting. Electric bell attached to every room. Perfect arrangements for comfort of guests.

Superior Board--Moderate Charges

Private Bathing Houses for

Ladies

Forty Acres of Ground

Fishing - Boating - Tennis

Bowling Alley - Ball Room

The management are determined to spare neither expense or pains to make this resort

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE

Open for reception of guests June 20.

Music.

WRITER in the London *Musical News* gives expression to his opinions concerning the wholesome effects of practical experience gained by musicians after they have equipped themselves for this life's battles through the acquirement of a thorough technical education. He presupposes that all who engage in musical pursuits will, at least, begin the practice of their profession with sufficient fundamental knowledge concerning the technique and science of their art as to enable them to act intelligently in whatever enterprise they may embark. The experience of many musicians unfortunately is founded upon no such solid foundation. Their musical education is largely acquired through after contact with other and educated musicians. Through this slow process of artistic growth many, however, if possessed of energy and executive ability may accomplish very fair work. Musicians who enter the profession prematurely without sufficient qualification from an educational standpoint, naturally are not possessed of artistic ideals concerning their future work. Many who begin in this way, it is true, are content to work modestly until sufficient means have been acquired to afterwards enable them to study under the most favorable circumstances, but the choice of this course largely depends upon the temperament of the individual. I have known so-called musicians who were not able to resolve a chord of the dominant seventh, aggressively pose as authorities on all matters concerning the art. Such, of course, would not recognize the benefits of thorough study or artistic attainments. I have also known musicians who could not tell the difference between a *lett motti* and the side of a barn, arrogantly compare themselves and their work with that of Von Bülow, Reinecke, Nikisch, Mackenzie and Bridge. And I have known committees which professed to be centers of musical development except such twaddles as gospel.

There is a mistaken idea also that experience is proportionately valuable according to the age of respective musicians. This again depends upon the individual and upon his surroundings. When we consider the early work of such still comparatively young men as D'Albert, Weintraub, Nikisch, Paur and hosts of others, and compare it with the best work of many older musicians, we are forced to the conclusion that some musicians are capable of absorbing as much of artistic worth in one year as others in ten. There are also localities which offer as much in one year in the way of constant hearing of the greatest of classical and modern works as other localities would be able to afford in a century. One of the most valuable experiences in the life of any musician is the constant hearing of the greatest masterpieces under the most favorable circumstances. These conditions added to technical education of a superior character equip musicians for the work of life and guarantee the good influence of their after practical experience. With uneducated musicians, this oftentimes consists of adapting oneself to the standard of a particular locality and thereby acquiring a cheap glory in it, because of similarity with it.

The recent remarkable festival of the Allgemeine Deutsche Musik Verein in Munich has been a subject of much comment in the European musical press. Space will not permit me to enumerate the many works produced on so elaborate a scale during this festival. The London *Musical Times* states that the operations of the above society "enable us to gauge the condition of music in Germany at the present period," and institute interesting comparisons between it and our English festivals. The *Times* attributes the great results of this meeting of musicians to the fact that in Germany "art" takes precedence of "sport."

Among the works contributed by living composers those of Eugene D'Albert were particularly enthusiastically received. D'Albert, whose frankness concerning the musical life of his native land has unfortunately estranged him from his countrymen for the time being, is looked upon in Germany as one of the coming composers. A feature of the proceedings was a performance of Tannhäuser which is said to have been mounted more superbly even than in Bayreuth. This speaks well for the projected series of Wagner's music dramas announced for the coming autumn in Munich, to extend from the middle of August to the end of September.

The new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is described by Martin Krausse of Leipzig as "an executive artist of extraordinary manlyhood, a director of eminent endowments, a musician of the most thorough education, and a man full of energy, strength of character and firm faith in the ideal of our great art." The Leipzig press generally speak of Herr Paur in the most flattering terms. This is all the more interesting since his predecessors at Leipzig and Boston, Herr Nikisch, is so well known in the former city which makes the unstinted praise accorded Herr Paur all the more valuable since many of the statements concerning the latter, hitherto almost unknown director, are of a nature in which his work is compared most favorably with any of his predecessors in Leipzig.

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes to a New York exchange concerning the irritating habit of a soprano in the German Opera Company at Covent Garden to slide up to the notes. This reminds him of the soprano in a Toronto chorus of whom Mr. Jeffers, the humorous choirmaster of the Bloor street Methodist church, said that "the intervals in the soprano part in all the choir books were smooth and greasy on account of the singers having slid up to them so often."

The many Canadian friends of Herr Martin Krausse of Leipzig will be pleased to learn that the Prince of Anhalt-Dresden, has been pleased to confer upon this talented gentleman the title of Sir Knight of the Cross of the first

order, in recognition of his valuable services in the cause of the art.

Mr. H. M. Field, the talented Canadian pianist, left for Chicago on Monday last to perform at one of the special concerts given in the Music Hall of the Exposition under the direction of Theodore Thomas. Mr. Field will likely perform the Liszt E flat concerto with the accompaniment of the orchestra of the Exposition.

Messrs Gourlay, Winter & Lanning are making extensive attractions to their Yonge street piano warerooms in preparation for the fall trade. The upper stories of the building are being refitted and decorated and otherwise improved. When completed this enterprising firm will possess a suite of showrooms which will be a credit to themselves and the city.

It is the intention of Mr. W. E. Fairclough, F. C. O., organist of All Saints church, to resume his organ recitals during the coming season. Mr. Fairclough purposed introducing a number of works seldom heard here, the whole series presenting the best selections in the various schools of organ-playing, ancient and modern. These recitals which were interrupted last season on account of Mr. Fairclough's serious illness are among the most interesting features of our musical life in Toronto.

I am pleased to notice from time to time the many evidences of musical progress in different portions of the province. I have on several occasions referred to the good work being accomplished by Mr. J. E. Jaques of Brantford, musical director of the Institute for the Blind in that city. At the closing exercises of that institution, last June, Mr. Jaques conducted the second portion of Spohr's sublime oratorio *The Last Judgment* with excellent effect. Last year the first part of the work was produced there also. Several of Mr. Jaques' pupils have also passed the examinations of the College of Organists (Canada) very creditably.

Mr. Arthur Blakely, the organist of the Sherbourne street Methodist church, gave a most enjoyable private recital, on Thursday afternoon of last week, to a few invited friends. The programme consisted of the Oratorio to Tannhäuser and other Wagner selections, Guilmant's Fantasia on English melodies, and a varied programme of numbers from Semmens, Wely and other popular composers for the organ. Mr. Blakely is becoming known as one of the rising solo organists in the city, and his selections every Sunday at the Sherbourne street Methodist church form one of the most enjoyable features of the service.

With characteristic enterprise, Mr. D. E. Cameron, choirmaster of Carlton street Methodist church, who has returned to the city after spending a month's vacation down east, announces a series of Sunday evening song services during the present month. The first of the series was held last Sunday evening and was enjoyed by a crowded congregation. Next Sunday evening the programme will embrace a soprano solo, Angel Land, Pinsuti, by Mrs. Scrimger-Massie; trio, *Praise Ye, Verdi*; a quartette, and Hallelujah, Christ is Risen, a prize anthem by Orlando Morgan, an English composer, never before given, I believe, in Toronto. The drawing power of music is well illustrated in the large audiences that attend these song services.

Ottawa.

The Misses Stamford are having a very pleasant visit in Wellington as the guest of the Misses Ault.

Mr. James Fraser spent a few days in Carlton Place with Mr. A. H. Edwards, and returned well pleased with the outing.

Mr. Athol Wright is spending his holidays at Carlton Place.

At a meeting of the Ottawa Presbytery last week, Rev. T. W. Winfield, formerly pastor of the Reformed Episcopal church here, was received. The Presbytery clerk read an extract of a minute of the Grand Assembly regarding the reception of the Rev. Mr. Winfield into the Presbyterian Church. The Moderator then asked Mr. Winfield the usual questions on receiving a minister, and on all being properly answered the ministers gathered around him and shook hands in welcome. The people of Ottawa generally hope that Mr. Winfield may receive a call to the vacant pulpit in Knox church, as he is very much thought of by people of all denominations.

Messrs. George Townsend, A. Bradley, E. J. Hughes, William Cairns and John Carlton have been elected to office at the meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America, which was held at Sault Ste. Marie last week. Dairy Commissioner Robertson has gone on a lecturing tour in Western Ontario. The object of this tour is to instruct the producers of Western Ontario on the conditions of competition for October cheese at the World's Fair.

Mr. Louis Coste, chief engineer of Public Works, left for Europe on Wednesday of last week, partly on business in connection with his department.

Rev. J. L. Courley has been re-appointed to the Presbyterian mission of Cantley for another quarterly term.

There is considerable criticism of the committee of the Ottawa Lawn Tennis Club at present, by a good many of the members, on account of a recent committee decision connected with the ladies' lawn tennis championship of Canada, played in Toronto. Mrs. Sydney Smith, who so nearly won the championship, was anxious to be allowed to play on the Ottawa ground during the afternoon for a fortnight before going to Toronto. She was accorded the privilege last year, but was refused this season, on the ground that the men required all the courts. The committee is being roundly censured, and not a few say Mrs. Smith was shamefully treated. She is one of the club's best supporters and has interested herself more than anybody else in its welfare. It is said that the treatment of Mrs. Smith by the committee was a piece of spite; it is also said that few if any of the members of the committee will not seek office next season.

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes to a New York exchange concerning the irritating habit of a soprano in the German Opera Company at Covent Garden to slide up to the notes. This reminds him of the soprano in a Toronto chorus of whom Mr. Jeffers, the humorous choirmaster of the Bloor street Methodist church, said that "the intervals in the soprano part in all the choir books were smooth and greasy on account of the singers having slid up to them so often."

The many Canadian friends of Herr Martin Krausse of Leipzig will be pleased to learn that the Prince of Anhalt-Dresden, has been pleased to confer upon this talented gentleman the title of Sir Knight of the Cross of the first

Mrs. R. Stewart and family have gone to St. Andrew's for the balance of the summer.

The Misses Newell of Manchester, England, who are making a tour of Canada, are visiting Ottawa, and are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Ami of Cooper street.

Miss Tilly Ridout of Somerset street has gone to Port Elgin to join her sister, Mrs. Capron, and they will remain there for the balance of the summer.

Mr. Fred Chas Capreol of Lisgar street left on Saturday on a yachting cruise with Mr. F. G. Moon.

Mrs. L. K. Jones returned home last week for a few days to make some necessary arrangements before closing up her home for the balance of the summer.

Lieut.-Colonel Tisdale, M.P., Messrs. Cochran, M.P., Rosamond, M.P., and Mason, M.P., were in town last week.

St. Andrew's Society have decided to present an address of welcome to Lord Aberdeen upon his arrival in Ottawa. The following gentlemen have been appointed to draft the address: The President, Mr. Alexander Maclean and Messrs. J. C. Glashen, A. H. Taylor and J. I. McCracken.

Miss Edith Ridout returned home on Monday after a most enjoyable two weeks' outing at Coteau.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Chrysler were in Montreal last week.

Mr. Henri Roy has gone for a holiday to Kamouraska.

Miss Gertrude Cole is visiting in Brockville, and sang two very pretty solos on Sunday in the Wall street Methodist church.

Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. McMoran sailed for England on Friday last with their brother Mr. A. Angus of Montreal.

Mr. Thomas White and Miss White are summering at Bilton Springs.

Mr. W. Moore is rustication at Cushing's Island.

Mr. Mackay of Mackay street, Montreal, is visiting Mrs. Keefer at her new and beautiful summer residence Rockcliffe.

B. A. Walters is having a jolly good time at Abenakis Springs.

The Misses Davidson of St. Urbain street, Montreal, are visiting friends in the city.

Mr. Alex. F. McIntyre, Q.C., of Montreal, was in town visiting his old home on Saturday.

Miss B. Barker is breathing the fresh sea air at the "Inch Arran House" Dalhousie, N.B.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Merkley are visiting in Cumberland.

Mr. A. J. Palmer sailed for Liverpool on Saturday.

Mr. C. H. Mackintosh was in Toronto for a few days in the early part of the week.

Miss Slattery of Cooper street is visiting friends in Toronto and is having an exceedingly good time.

Rev. F. B. Hodgins of Toronto, the newly appointed curate of St. George's church, will assume his new duties the first week in September. Mr. Hodgins is a brother of Major W. E. Hodgins of the G. G. F. G. Rev. Mr. Hodgins as a student was connected with Trinity, All Saint's and St. Simon's churches in Toronto, and was very much liked by all three congregations, and we are sure Mr. Hodgins will be popular with St. George's.

Miss Muir of Montreal, who has been visiting friends in the city, left for home on Saturday.

Mr. W. C. Edwards, M.P., and a party of ladies came up from Rockland on his steam yacht Gipsy on Saturday, and after spending a pleasant afternoon at Rockcliffe Park returned home in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bowie of MacLaren street have gone up the river to rusticate for a little.

Mrs. and Miss DuMoulin, wife and daughter of Rev. Canon DuMoulin of St. James' cathedral, Toronto, have returned to Montreal after a pleasant visit here with friends.

Rumor has it that Miss DuMoulin will shortly leave Toronto and become a resident of Ottawa, entering into a matrimonial contract with a gentleman of Her Majesty's Customs Department.

Messrs. W. T. Lawkes and C. S. Cameron of the Ottawa Rowing Club spent a couple of days in Toronto on their return from Hamilton. The crew made a very poor showing and were naturally a little reluctant about returning home in the evening.

Mr. D. C. Chamberlain returned to town on Wednesday to attend to some office duties for August 15, and will return to his camp duties at High View on Monday or Tuesday, where he will remain for the balance of his holidays.

Mr. H. S. Sibley of Carlton Place has been elected to office at the meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America, which was held at Sault Ste. Marie last week.

Dairy Commissioner Robertson has gone on a lecturing tour in Western Ontario.

The object of this tour is to instruct the producers of Western Ontario on the conditions of competition for October cheese at the World's Fair.

Messrs. George Townsend, A. Bradley, E. J. Hughes, William Cairns and John Carlton have been elected to office at the meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America, which was held at Sault Ste. Marie last week.

Mr. Louis Coste, chief engineer of Public Works, left for Europe on Wednesday of last week, partly on business in connection with his department.

Rev. J. L. Courley has been re-appointed to the Presbyterian mission of Cantley for another quarterly term.

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes to a New York exchange concerning the irritating habit of a soprano in the German Opera Company at Covent Garden to slide up to the notes. This reminds him of the soprano in a Toronto chorus of whom Mr. Jeffers, the humorous choirmaster of the Bloor street Methodist church, said that "the intervals in the soprano part in all the choir books were smooth and greasy on account of the singers having slid up to them so often."

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes to a New York exchange concerning the irritating habit of a soprano in the German Opera Company at Covent Garden to slide up to the notes. This reminds him of the soprano in a Toronto chorus of whom Mr. Jeffers, the humorous choirmaster of the Bloor street Methodist church, said that "the intervals in the soprano part in all the choir books were smooth and greasy on account of the singers having slid up to them so often."

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes to a New York exchange concerning the irritating habit of a soprano in the German Opera Company at Covent Garden to slide up to the notes. This reminds him of the soprano in a Toronto chorus of whom Mr. Jeffers, the humorous choirmaster of the Bloor street Methodist church, said that "the intervals in the soprano part in all the choir books were smooth and greasy on account of the singers having slid up to them so often."

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes to a New York exchange concerning the irritating habit of a soprano in the German Opera Company at Covent Garden to slide up to the notes. This reminds him of the soprano in a Toronto chorus of whom Mr. Jeffers, the humorous choirmaster of the Bloor street Methodist church, said that "the intervals in the soprano part in all the choir books were smooth and greasy on account of the singers having slid up to them so often."

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes to a New York exchange concerning the irritating habit of a soprano in the German Opera Company at Covent Garden to slide up to the notes. This reminds him of the soprano in a Toronto chorus of whom Mr. Jeffers, the humorous choirmaster of the Bloor street Methodist church, said that "the intervals in the soprano part in all the choir books were smooth and greasy on account of the singers having slid up to them so often."

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes to a New York exchange concerning the irritating habit of a soprano in the German Opera Company at Covent Garden to slide up to the notes. This reminds him of the soprano in a Toronto chorus of whom Mr. Jeffers, the humorous choirmaster of the Bloor street Methodist church, said that "the intervals in the soprano part in all the choir books were smooth and greasy on account of the singers having slid up to them so often."

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes to a New York exchange concerning the irritating habit of a soprano in the German Opera Company at Covent Garden to slide up to the notes. This reminds him of the soprano in a Toronto chorus of whom Mr. Jeffers, the humorous choirmaster of the Bloor street Methodist church, said that "the intervals in the soprano part in all the choir books were smooth and greasy on account of the singers having slid up to them so often."

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes to a New York exchange concerning the irritating habit of a soprano in the German Opera Company at Covent Garden to slide up to the notes. This reminds him of the soprano in a Toronto chorus of whom Mr. Jeffers, the humorous choirmaster of the Bloor street Methodist church, said that "the intervals in the soprano part in all the choir books were smooth and greasy on account of the singers having slid up to them so often."

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes to a New York exchange concerning the irritating habit of a soprano in the German Opera Company at Covent Garden to slide up to the notes. This reminds him of the soprano in a Toronto chorus of whom Mr. Jeffers, the humorous choirmaster of the Bloor street Methodist church, said that "the intervals in the soprano part in all the choir books were smooth and greasy on account of the singers having slid up to them so often."

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes to a New York exchange concerning the irritating habit of a soprano in the German Opera Company at Covent Garden to slide up to the notes. This reminds him of the soprano in a Toronto chorus of whom Mr. Jeffers, the humorous choirmaster of the Bloor street Methodist church, said that "the intervals in the soprano part in all the choir books were smooth and greasy on account of the singers having slid up to them so often."

What choirmaster has not, at one time or another, had to deal with sopranos whose tendency to scoop was a distressing feature of his work? Mr. Clarence Lucas, formerly of Toronto, at present resident in London, England, writes

Social and Personal.*Continued from Page Two.*

ral every Sunday morning this month, and also on the second and third Sunday evenings.

Mrs. and Miss Newbigging leave Toronto this week to spend some time at Chautauqua Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. J. B. Wallace of the Merchant's Bank and E. S. Roy of Belleville were the guests of Mrs. Dell of Sullivan street for a few days this week, having made the trip up on their bicycles. They intend taking the Persia to Kingston and from there wheel back to Belleville.

Rev. A. J. Reid, late curate of St. Luke's, Toronto, left last week on a short visit to the States.

An important item in the work of St. James' Cathedral is the children's service held once a month which has been inaugurated by the curate, Rev. Arthur Manning. One of these delightful services was held last Sunday, a large number of children attending.

Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, M.A., rector of All Saint's left Tuesday evening for a trip to the Pacific Coast.

Rev. J. R. S. Boyd, B.A., who lately joined the benedictines, has returned from his honeymoon and has resumed his duties as curate of All Saint's Church.

Miss Maude Ashbery of Brantford is visiting friends in the west end.

Miss Carrie Helliwill of Carlton street and Mrs. Fred Chandler are among the guests at Sammit House, Port Cockburn.

Among the new arrivals at Naragansett Pier are Mrs. Eba Ward of Paris and her sister, Miss Helen Hugel. The last month they have spent at Cacouna, St. Lawrence Hall.

Miss Maude Barwick of Close avenue, Parkdale, is visiting friends in Muskoka.

Mrs. Howard and child of Markham street left last week to spend two weeks in Chicago.

Mr. George B. Brown of the Standard Bank is spending his holidays with his parents at Roseau, Muskoka.

A merry picnic party went over to Center Island last Tuesday afternoon and spent a few hours in that pretty park, and after tea walked to Hanlan's, taking the boat for home from there: Mrs. Hellwell, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Lester, Mr. H. C. Caston, Miss T. Mason, Miss R. Hellwell, Mr. L. White, Miss E. McVity, Mr. Ashton Fletcher, Miss M. Michie, Mr. H. V. Knight and Mr. J. Knight.

Miss P. Bain of Sorauren avenue is visiting in L'istow.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman and family of Dunn avenue, Parkdale, have returned from spending a month at Sturgeon Point.

Miss Morris of Sorauren avenue is visiting friends at Seaforth.

At Rosebank, Toronto's latest summer resort, there is at present camping at the Angel's Retreat, a charming company of angels consisting of: Miss Stewart, Miss Violet Stewart, Miss Wright, the Misses Louis and Lillie Mait, Miss Tillie Henderson, Miss Clara Brown, Miss Grace and Minnie Grover. They are chaperoned by Mrs. Fish. At Blink Bonny cottage Mrs. Howell, Miss Howell, the Misses Ida and Eva Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie May, and Messrs. Geo. A. and W. J. Howell are spending the summer. Mr. and Miss Gavin of Toronto are also at Blink Bonny for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Peterkin and family are occupying their cottage as usual and have Miss Lowrie of Petrolia, Miss Headley of Toronto and Miss Mabel Jones of Bowmaunville visiting them.

On Wednesday evening at six o'clock St. Andrew's Church, Grimsby, was the scene of a pretty wedding when Miss Lillian Nelles and Mr. William J. Dope were united in matrimony. The ceremony which was witnessed by a large number of friends, was performed by Rev. Clarence Ball, cousin of the bride, assisted by Rev. Charles Lee, rector of the parish. The bride's maid of honor was Miss Ida Nelles, sister of the bride, Miss A. Hall of Peterboro, Miss M. Macdonald of Toronto, and Miss Mabel Nelles. The groomsmen were Mr. Fred J. Crossen of Cobourg, Mr. J. G. Clark of Bank of Commerce, Toronto, Mr. Boile Nelles of Grimsby and Mr. Leslie Nelles of Niagara-on-the-Lake. The church was tastefully decorated and the couple were the recipients of many handsome presents. They are now on a trip to Montreal and Quebec. Mr. Dope is from Peterboro, where he is connected with the teaching staff of the Collegiate Institute.

Miss Ida Green of Czar street has returned from her six months' trip to Halifax and St. John.

Miss Ethel Nichol, daughter of Dr. Nichol, of Brantford has returned home after an enjoyable visit to friends in Toronto.

A most pleasant time was spent at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park, last Wednesday evening, a social hop having been arranged by a number of gentlemen from the city. The party arrived at the park by special boat at 9 p.m. and at once commenced dancing to the strains of a string orchestra that played charming music. The hotel was brilliantly lit up and was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Among those present I noticed: Miss V. B. Sheppard, Miss M. Macfarlane, Mrs. Hancock, Mrs. McConvoy, Misses Hancock, A. Smythe, O'Neill, Somers, A. Taylor, F. Smythe, Dobson, Schafar, Keif, Sharkey, Logg, L. Sullivan, Ada Rosebrugh, Melady, McCouvy, Mero, Hill, Appleby, Lockhart, Stinson, Walker, Ida Taylor, O'Neill, Furby, O'Neill, Sheedy, Wright, Martin, Noxon, McLean, and Messrs. S. J. Johnston, D. McCaul, W. H. Milne, Harry Briggs, J. McElroy, N. McCallum, W. J. McCue, E. McQuillan, J. H. Nash, H. H. Davidson, Goo, Sharkey, T. H. Stephenson, A. E. Webb, W. A. Blashford, Geo. E. Carlisle, S. E. Cunningham, Alex. Watt, R. J. Chambers,

A. H. Stuttaford, A. J. Sullivan, A. Clark, J. W. Jardine, H. C. Coates, John Mathers, A. L. Lyne, W. K. Booth, L. Johnson, A. E. Walto, W. Richardson, W. M. Hunter, W. C. Wheeler, John Hackett, F. Cherries, J. Dubois, George Shields, M. Armour, John Peels, F. J. Skirrett and J. E. Firth.

Miss Flossie Turner of Toronto is renewing old acquaintances with former schoolmates and friends in Brantford. She is the guest of Mr. Workman of East Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Collier of Yonge street are spending a very pleasant vacation at the World's Fair, and before returning intend spending a few days in New York city.

The Misses Platts have left on a trip to the Mackinac Islands.

Miss M. Kief and Miss H. McCouny of Buffalo are visiting the latter's cousin, Miss D. McCouny of Dundas street.

Miss A. Sharkey of St. Thomas is in the city the guest of Miss Harte of Niagara street.

Mr. J. L. Morrison, who is spending the summer with his family near Port Sandfield, Muskoka, was in town this week.

Mr. George Augustus Thorpe, who has been visiting friends near Port Sandfield, Muskoka, has returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lancaster have returned from their wedding trip and will be at home Thursday and Friday, August 17th and 18th, 81 McKenzie crescent.

The City Travellers' Association was inspired by a happy thought when it decided to hold a promenade concert on board the steamer Chippawa on Monday evening, August 21. It is bound to be a pleasant affair.

This evening (Saturday) there will be a hop at the Peninsular Park Hotel, and many people from Toronto are going to take advantage of the special boat and rail facilities offered for the occasion.

Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry and other members of the Lyceum Company were at the Queen's Hotel on Wednesday and their presence naturally created a flutter in theatrical and newspaper circles. The party left on Thursday for British Columbia in special C. P. R. car, taking boat at Owen Sound and overtaking their car at Port Arthur. It is expected that Mr. Irving and Miss Terry will play in Toronto some time next March.

St. Paul's church was filled to the doors on Monday morning last to witness the marriage of Miss Minnie Delaney, daughter of Mr. Thomas Delaney of King street east, and Mr. Foster & Co.'s World's Famous Oxford will be sold during this sale at \$1.03 less than in their home—Chicago, viz., \$3.97.

M. F. Hogan of the St. R. R. department. The bride looked charming in white silk crepon and carried bride's roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Kate Delaney, who wore pink muslin veiling and carried mermet roses. Mr. John Mallon attended the groom. An elegant breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's father, after which the happy couple started for a trip to Rochester, Buffalo and other cities. At Home Tuesdays in September, at 417 Gerrard street east.

Miss Katheryne Ryan of Buffalo was in the city for the Delaney-Hogan wedding.

Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House.

Slaves of a City will be the opening attraction at the Toronto Opera House on Monday next, August 14, when E. J. Hassan's scenic melo-drama, cleverly staged, will be produced. The scenes in the piece are laid in the metropolis of New York. It shows all characters in life that are daily seen in a large city. The millionaire, the working girl, the prize fighter, the society lady, the counterfeiter, and clerk and the detective are all fully shown in this melo-drama. The slave of fashion, the slave of sport, the slave of cards, the slave of labor, are all brought face to face and their slavery made plain. It will be a great opening piece for this popular theatre. Don't miss it.

Choicest Shoes

OF UNQUESTIONED WORTH

MAKE UP

McPHERSON'S WEEDING-OUT SALE

Never Were Such Tidy Shoes Offered Before at Sale Prices.

Foster & Co.'s World's Famous Oxford will be sold during this sale at \$1.03 less than in their home—Chicago, viz., \$3.97.

Mail Orders Filled Open Saturday Nights

Jacobs & Sparrow's OPERA HOUSE**Grand Opening of the Regular Season****ONE WEEK****COMMENCING MONDAY, AUGUST 14****ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!**

E. J. HASSAN'S

Magnificent Scenic Melo-drama

SLAVES OF A CITY

By EDWARD HOLST

A Carload of Special Scenery

The Great Flood Scene
The Famous Baxter Street, New York
The Brazilian Pier
The New York Cigarette Factory
The Slave of Gold
The Slave of Labor
The Slave of Fashion
The Slave of Cards
All the Slaves of a City

POPULAR PRICES

Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday

ENDORSED BY THE MUSICAL PROFESSION

BELL Greatest Durability
Latest Designs
Moderate Prices
Old Pianos Exchanged

BELL PIANO WAREROOMS

In connection with Messrs. Suckling & Sons' Music Store, 107 Yonge Street, East side, below Adelaide Street.

DUCHESS OF OXFORD RANGES

Are a Grand Success. Are Sold on their Merits.

**... THESE RANGES ...**

Have the Largest Oven
Are the Most Economical
Are the Greatest Water Heaters
Are the Handsomest in the Market.

OUR PATENT DOUBLE OVEN FLUE

Insures a Quick Working Oven with smallest consumption of fuel.

SOLD BY THE FOLLOWING CITY AGENTS:

Wheeler & Bain	119 King Street E.	436 College Street
Geo. Boal	285 Yonge Street	61 Queen E.
W. H. Sparrow	87 "	Harkley Bro.
W. J. Mallon	700 Queen "	431 Spadina Avenue
Roseborough & Sons	278 "	142-144 Dundas Street
A. Welch	304 "	109 Yonge Street
Joseph Harrington	319 "	Gibson & Thompson
S. Hobbs	1434 "	435 Yonge Street
		1131 Queen Street W.

MANUFACTURED BY

The GURNEY FOUNDRY COMPANY, Toronto

Show Room—500 King Street West.

See Our

Handsome Fine Real Diamond Souvenir Rings in Solid 14k Gold Mountings

• • • ONLY \$6.00

This is the price at our CLEARING SALE. You can save from 25 to 50 per cent. on your purchases in almost every line, as everything must be sold regardless of cost.

KENT BROS. - MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

168 Yonge Street, Toronto

N.B.—Store closes at 1 p.m. Saturdays during August

Queen's Royal Hotel**NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE**

A charming spot to avoid the heat of the dog days and to enjoy the delights of a pleasant watering place.

Thermometer on the hotel lawn has not registered above 73 degrees this season.

Special rate of \$6.50 Saturday to Monday, including return fare on Niagara Navigation Company's splendid steamers. Tickets at Queen's Hotel, Toronto.

Greatly reduced rates for two weeks or longer.

August's Conference Aug. 9 Tennis Tournament begins Aug. 29

H. WINNETT, Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

CHEAP TICKETS

One of the palace steamers STATE OF NEW YORK and STATE OF OHIO will leave Buffalo for Cleveland at 8:15 o'clock, arriving in Cleveland 9:30 next morning. Fare from Toronto to Cleveland and return \$8.50, or \$10.50 to Monday \$6.20. Stop overs allowed at the Falls or Buffalo. For tickets, circulars, &c., apply to

CHARLES E. BURNS

Steamship Headquarters, 77 Yonge St.

2nd Door above King.

Lowest rates may also be had for New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo and all places east and south by applying at Mr. Burns' Office.



THE LABEL OF
"SYMPINGTON, EDINBURGH"
On a Bottle of COFFEE ESSENCE is a guarantee that it is made from the best materials by the most improved processes, is always of one standard quality, and that it is warranted pure.
To be obtained through all grocery stores, and wholesale from
Stanway & Bayley
42 Front Street East - - - Toronto



A Bottle of Good Coffee Essence is the Bache-
lor's Friend and the Housewife's Help.
THE LABEL OF
"SYMPINGTON, EDINBURGH"
On a Bottle of COFFEE ESSENCE is a guarantee that it is made from the best materials by the most improved processes, is always of one standard quality, and that it is warranted pure.
To be obtained through all grocery stores, and wholesale from
Stanway & Bayley
42 Front Street East - - - Toronto

The Summer Hotels.

The following registered at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, last Saturday:—From Buffalo: Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Gordon, Mrs. G. S. Falcott, Miss Moffat, Mr. H. Tanner, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Fryer, Mr. P. P. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gardner, Miss Mabel Gardner, Mrs. R. Gordon, Mr. G. P. Raymond and Mr. and Mrs. P. White. Torontonians: Dr. W. B. Thistle, Miss Amy Monroe, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Mr. Ernest Macrae, Mr. J. Craig, Mr. J. Gordon Jones, Mr. W. F. Maclean, Mr. J. Denny, Mr. F. McGaw, Mr. H. G. Grindley, Mrs. G. Royce and Mrs. Maclean; Judge and Mrs. Buchanan of Montreal, Miss Buchanan, Mr. J. W. Garson of London, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. Dunbuck of Chicago, Mrs. E. B. Reed of Rochester, Mrs. J. Foster Warner of Rochester, Mr. G. F. Peterson of St. Catharines, Mr. I. R. Bille of Peterboro', Mr. C. Bayley of Washington, Mr. Stewart Palmer, London, Eng., Mrs. R. Dugleian of Montreal, Miss Clara Jamieson of Montreal, Mr. J. J. Newall of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kirby of Detroit, Mr. Alexander Alexander of Montreal, Mr. A. Grant of London, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. G. Clarke of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Fairbanks of Chicago. From Rochester: Mrs. D. A. Watson, Miss Watson, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hollister, Mr. and Mrs. D. Carroll and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Carlton.

St. Leon Springs Hotel:—Hon. W. Provost and lady, Mr. H. Beaupre, Mr. C. B. Lantot, Mr. R. Forget, Mr. E. Lafleur, Hon. L. Tourville, Mr. G. Lemieux, Mr. T. A. Gauthier, Mr. J. M. Martin, Dr. A. Ethier, Mr. A. Desjardins, Dr. H. Desjardins, Mr. G. H. Gardon, Hon. Justice Mathieu, Miss A. Ethier of Montreal; Mrs. A. Gagnon of Three Rivers, Mr. Lauritz Seberg of Quebec, Mr. W. H. Mayrand of Andrew's, N.B., Mrs. E. S. Millmore of West Brome, Mrs. M. A. Millmore of Sweetbriar, Mr. D. D. Millan, M.P., of Alexandria, Ont., Mr. L. J. Jourdain of Providence, R.I., Mr. W. F. Kingsbury of Derby Line, Vt., Mr. Ira Parker and son, Mr. S. O. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parker, Mrs. Lindsey Aldrich, and Mr. H. H. Farr of Littleton, N.H.; Mr. Ben W. Singer and Mr. Thomas H. Worrell of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Green of Buzzard's Bay, Mass., Mr. James L. Cronin of Meridan, Conn.

Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe:—Sir Cornelius Kortwright and Mr. C. W. Kortwright of Barrie; Mrs. James Bethune, Miss Bethune, Mr. W. Macculloch, Mr. Robert McClain, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bain, Mrs. J. W. Young, Mr. W. Ince, Jr., Mr. C. E. Stone, Mrs. W. P. Wilkie of Toronto; Miss Mack and Miss Carrie Mack of St. Catharines; Very Rev. J. J. McCann of St. Michael's, Toronto, Rev. J. D. Hand of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Garand of Louisville, Ky.

Lake View House, Jackson's Point:—Franklin Chalons, Mrs. J. B. McColl and family, Mrs. Anson Jones and son, Mr. and Mrs. Swartout, Mr. James Wright and family, Mr. Bick, Prof. and Mrs. Willmott, Mr. T. Kinner and family, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hilton, Mrs. and Miss Alice Sanders, Mr. M. C. Ellis and family, Mr. W. Solomon and family, Mrs. Wilson and child, Mr. Jas. Manning and family, Mr. Mara and family, Mr. J. W. Lawrence and family, Mrs. Walker, the Misses Bridgland of Toronto; Lieut. Col. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Smith and family of Brantford; Mr. Thompson and family of Aurora, Mr. R. Corson and daughter, Mrs. H. B. Reesor and daughter, Mrs. Armstrong and daughters, Mr. Wm. Ralph and family, Mr. W. Fleming and family, Mr. W. B. Speight and wife of Markham; Mr. John Elliott and family of Stouffville, Miss Breakenridge of Albany, N.Y., Rev. Mr. Cocking of Goodwood, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Homer and Miss Earle of Bradford; Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard and child of Detroit, Mr. Jas. Scott and Mr. M. Staunton of Hamilton.

Maplehurst Hotel:—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie and family, Mrs. A. Hutchinson, Mr. W. B. Hamilton, Miss M. A. Clapperton, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss L. M. Hamilton, Mr. R. J. Hannah, Mr. T. Faulkner, Mr. D. R. Wilkie of Toronto; Miss E. Wasley, Mr. W. Wasley, Miss Willis of Gravenhurst; Judge and Mrs. Lawson of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Carling and family of London.

Milford Bay House, Lake Muskoka:—Mr. S. B. Weyle, Miss A. Weyle, Miss M. Rutherford, Mr. John R. Campbell, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. R. Campbell, Miss Minnie Campbell of Hamilton, Miss Jennie Lester of Buffalo, N.Y.; Rev. H. C. Peebles, Mrs. Peebles and child of Rochester, N.Y., Mr. Emerson Coatesworth, Mrs. E. Coatsworth, Master Emerson and Miss Viva Coatsworth, Mr. A. G. Chestnut, Mrs. Chestnut and child, Mr. J. M. Bryer, Miss A. L. Armstrong, the Misses Watson, Mrs. M. Beatty, Mr. Fred R. Beatty, Mr. R. E. Crane, Mrs. Crane, nurse and family, of Toronto, Mrs. M. Cummings, Miss Louise E. Cummings, Miss C. E. Woltley, Woodstock.

Port Dover.

The week at this charming summer resort has been very lively. The principal event was at Home, on Wednesday evening, given by Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie Morgan. Their fine residence was beautifully illuminated and decorated for the occasion, while every preparation was made to render the evening thoroughly enjoyable. Among those present were: Mrs. Snider, Miss Rogers, Mrs. and Miss Martin, Mr. A. and Miss Thompson of Cayuga, Prof. and Miss Martin, the Misses Dillon, Prof. Blumer of London; Mr. Andrew Ball of Otterville, Miss Findlay of Hamilton, Miss Matthews, Mr. and Miss Bowby, Mr. J. Batterson, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Smythe, Miss Whitaker of Simcoe; Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Ball, Miss Higgins, Miss E. Finkle, Mr. H. Finkle of Woodstock; the Misses Symons, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Dr. Tomlinson of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams, Mr. E. S. Key of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Passmore of Brockville; Miss Bourne of Jarvis, Miss Key of Chatham, Mr. R. Key of Norwich, Mr. A. Key of Port Elgin, Miss Gregory of Orangeville, Mrs. O. Weir, Miss C. Weir, Misses Maud and Helen Weir, Miss Passmore, Miss Welding, Mr. S. F. Passmore, Mr. W. Weir and Mr. H. Frank of Brantford; Mrs. O. Ansley, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Barrett,

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

ON DISPLAY
THE LATEST PATTERNS
FRESH FROM THE MAKERS

TORONTO'S
NEW
CARPET
HOUSE

New Carpets
New Curtains
For
Fall
HOUSE FURNISHINGS

We furnish special designs and carefully prepared estimates for the Carpets, Curtains, Portieres and other decorative furnishings for new residences. We are direct importers—the largest in Toronto—and all our work is done by our own experienced employes and under personal supervision.

Foster & Pender
14 & 16 King St. East

Mrs. Moody, Dr. and Mrs. Battersby, Dr. and Mrs. Jolley, Mr. and Mrs. Tibbets, Mr. and Mrs. D. Buckwell, Mr. and Mrs. S. Key, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ansley, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mrs. and Miss Scofield, Mrs. W. Sovereign, Rev. and Mrs. Newell, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Low, Dr. Mrs. and Miss Walker, Mrs. and Miss Coverton, the Misses Harding, Milne, Wilson, Riddell, E. Fuller, Lawrie, Low, Battersby, Morgan, Limburner, McKinnon, Buckwell, Messrs. Morgan, Smith, Thompson, L. Battersby, H. Battersby of Port Dover.

Bic.

This picturesque little Quebec village with its many islands in the lovely bay and grand scenery has a great many visitors this summer. From Quebec are the Hon. Mrs. Campbell with her daughters, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Joly de Lathiere and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop and family, Mr. and Mrs. Weatherley and the Misses Schwartz. From Montreal: Mrs. and Mr. Douglas, Mrs. McFarlane and family, Miss Wray, Miss Stevenson, Mrs. Archibald and family, Mrs. Hollis, Rev. Dr. McVicker and daughters and Mrs. Scrimger and family. From Ottawa: Lady Grant and daughters, Mrs. and the Misses Bogert, Mrs. Almon Hill, Mrs. Steele and Miss Smith. From Toronto: Mrs. Musgrave, Miss Cosen, and Miss Atkinson; Mrs. Pearson of Halifax, Mrs. and the Misses Campbell of Toledo, and Miss Watt, B.A., of Guelph.

The Hon. Mrs. Campbell gave a charming little tea on Monday afternoon. On Wednes-



Mother's
Kestle's Food
rice puffs
Chopra
Infantum
and all summer
complaints of children

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
3 SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS
DAILY
On and after July 31, 1893, leaving Toronto,
north side Union Depot.

CHICAGO 7.20 A.M. DAILY.
DAVIS 2.50 P.M. Daily, except Sunday.
COLUMBIAN EXPRESS 7.20 P.M. Daily, except Sunday.

From Toronto and all Stations West.

On AUGUST 18 and 19, 1893
Refugee Tickets will be issued to the

WORLD'S FAIR
Good to leave Chicago by any train up to and including

August 28th, at first class.

SINGLE FARE
FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

For berths in First-Class or Tourist Sleepers or Seats in
Parlor Cars and full particulars call on any Agent of the
Company.

STERLING SOAP.

Best
and
goes
farthest.

Manufactured By
WM. LOCAN,
ST. JOHN, N. B.



A Fashionable Bag for 1893

When commercial men approve the pattern of a Travelling Bag it is certain that it is a correct shape. Since we introduced this Bag we have been informed by our customers that use them that these Bags are the handiest to pack and the easiest to carry of any shape made. The number sold testify how the Bag is appreciated. Tourists have also seen the advantage of carrying them in preference to other shapes, and the demand has been so large that we have found great difficulty in keeping in stock a full assortment. We have now overcome this difficulty and carry four qualities and three sizes, ranging in price from \$4 to \$16.

H. E. CLARKE & CO., 105 King St. West

CARPET CLEANING

Done by the HYGIENIC Carpet-Cleaning Machine.

We also clean Carpets Without REMOVING from the floor if necessary.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

FURNITURE WAREROOMS

Telephone 1057 160 Queen St. West

The CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO., Ltd.

JUST PUT INTO STOCK
NEW DESIGNS IN
Bedroom Suits, Dining-Room
and Drawing-Room

FURNITURE

AND FANCY CHAIRS AND TABLES

AT VERY LOW PRICES

97 Yongs St.

HEINTZMAN & CO.
CANADA'S FAVORITE
PIANOS
117 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO.

FOR ladies' tailoring and
dressmaking purposes

Corticelli



Silk and Twist stands unequalled. It gives a finish to a garment not to be attained by any other means. Ladies prefer it, dressmakers recommend it.

McCOLL'S
Lardine MACHINE
OILS and Cylinder Oils

ARE THE CHAMPION GOLD MEDAL OILS OF CANADA

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Oil Manufacturers

TORONTO